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THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR JOHN DAVIES,

Conſiſting of his POEM on the

IMMORTALITY of the SOUL:

THE

HYMNS OF ASTREA;

AND

ORCHESTRA

A

POEM ON DANCING,

IN

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

PENELOPE and one of her WOOERS.

All publiſhed from a corrected Copy,

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE PREFACE TO SIR JOHN DAVIES's POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, PUBLISHED IN 1699.

THERE is a natural love and fondneſs in Engliſhmen for whatever was done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; we look upon her time as our golden age; and the great men who lived in it, as our chiefeſt heroes of virtue, and greateſt examples of wiſdom, courage, integrity and learning.

Among many others, the author of this poem merits a laſting honour; for, as he was a moſt eloquent lawyer, ſo, in the compoſition of this piece, we admire him for a good poet, and exact philoſopher. 'Tis not rhyming that makes a poet, but the true and impartial repreſenting of virtue and vice, ſo as to inſtruct mankind in matters of greateſt importance. And this obſervation has been made of our countrymen, That Sir John Suckling wrote in the moſt courtly and gentleman-like ſtyle; Waller in the moſt ſweet and flowing numbers; Denham with the moſt accurate judgment and correctneſs; Cowley with pleaſing ſoftneſs, and plenty of imagination: none ever uttered more divine thought than Mr. Herbert; none more philoſophical than Sir John Davies. His thoughts are moulded into eaſy and ſignificant words; his rhymes never miſlead the ſenſe, but are led and governed by it: So that in reading ſuch uſeful performances, the wit of mankind may be refined from its droſs, their memories furniſhed with the beſt notions, their judgments ſtrengthened, and their conceptions enlarged, by which means

means the mind will be raiſed to the moſt perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate ſtate.

But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad; 'tis the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) to meditate upon ourſelves; that he has diſcloſed to us greater ſecrets at home; ſelf-reflection being the only way to valuable and true knowledge, which conſiſts in that rare ſcience of a man's ſelf, which the moral philoſopher loſes in a crowd of definitions, diviſions and diſtinctions: the hiſtorian cannot find it amongſt all his muſty records, being far better acquainted with the tranſactions of a thouſand years paſt, than with the preſent age, or with himſelf: the writer of fables and romances wanders from it, in following the deluſions of a wild fancy, chimeras and fictions that do not only exceed the works, but alſo the poſſibility of nature. Whereas the reſemblance of truth is the utmoſt limit of poetical liberty, which our author has very religi-

ouſly obſerved; for he has not only placed and connected together the moſt amiable images of all thoſe powers that are in our ſouls, but he has furniſhed and ſquared his matter like a true philoſopher; that is, he has made both body and ſoul, colour and ſhadow of his poem out of the ſtore-houſe of his own mind, which gives the whole work a real and natural beauty; when that which is borrowed out of books, (the boxes of counterfeit complexion) ſhews well or ill as it has more or leſs likeneſs to the natural. But our author is beholding to none but himſelf; and by knowing himſelf thoroughly, he has arrived to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well-choſen metaphors and ſimilitudes that cannot be found within the compaſs of a narrow knowledge. For this reaſon the poem, on account of its intrinſic worth, would be as laſting as the Iliad, or the Æneid, if the language 'tis wrote in were as immutable as that of the Greeks and Romans.

Now

Now it would be of great benefit to the beaus of our age to carry this glaſs in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think, rather than dreſs well: it would be of uſe alſo to the wits and virtuoſoes to carry this antidote about them againſt the poiſon they have ſucked in from Lucretius or Hobbs. This would acquaint them with ſome principles of religion; for in old times the poets were their divines, and exerciſed a kind of ſpiritual authority amongſt the people. Verſe in thoſe days was the ſacred ſtyle, the ſtyle of oracles and laws. The vows and thanks of the people were recommended to their gods in ſongs and hymns. Why may they not retain this priviledge? for if proſe ſhould contend with verſe, it would be upon unequal terms, and (as it were) on foot againſt the wings of Pegaſus. With what delight are we touched in hearing the ſtories of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas? Becauſe in their characters we have wiſdom, honour, fortitude, and juſtice, ſet before our eyes. It was Plato's opinion, that if a man could ſee virtue, he would be

ſtrangely enamoured on her perſon. Which is the reaſon why Horace and Virgil have continued ſo long in reputation, becauſe they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry. No man is ſo ſenſeleſs of rational impreſſions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the paſtorals of the ancients, when under the ſtories of wolves and ſheep, they deſcribe the miſery of people under hard maſters, and their happineſs under good. So the bitter but wholeſome Iambick was wont to make villainy bluſh; the Satire incited men to laugh at folly; the Comedian chaſtiſed the common errors of life; and the Tragedian made kings afraid to be tyrants, and tyrants to be their own tormentors.

Wherefore, as Sir Philip Sidney ſaid of Chaucer, that he knew not which he ſhould moſt wonder at, either that he in his dark time ſhould ſee ſo diſtinctly, or that we in this clear age ſhould go ſo ſtumblingly after him; ſo may we marvel at and bewail the low condition of poetry now, when in our plays ſcarce

any

any one rule of decorum is obſerved, but in the ſpace of two hours and an half we paſs through all the fits of Bedlam; in one ſcene we are all in mirth, in the next we are ſunk into ſadneſs; whilſt even the moſt laboured parts are commonly ſtarved for want of thought; a confuſed heap of words, and empty ſound of rhyme.

This very conſideration ſhould advance the eſteem of the following poem, wherein are repreſented the various movements of the mind; at which we are as much tranſported as with the moſt excellent ſcenes of paſſion in Shakeſpear, or Fletcher: for in this, as in a mirror (that will not flatter) we ſee how the ſoul arbitrates in the underſtanding upon the various reports of ſenſe, and all the changes of imagination: how compliant the will is to her dictates, and obeys her as a queen does her king. At the ſame time acknowledging a ſubjection, and yet retaining a majeſty. How the paſſions move at her command, like a well diſciplined army; from which regular

compoſure

compoſure of the faculties, all operating in their proper time and place, there ariſes a complacency upon the whole ſoul, that infinitely tranſcends all other pleaſures.

What deep philoſophy is this! to diſcover the proceſs of God's art in faſhioning the ſoul of man after his own image; by remarking how one part moves another, and how thoſe motions are varied by ſeveral poſitions of each part, from the firſt ſprings and plummets, to the very hand that points out the viſible and laſt effects. What eloquence and force of wit to convey theſe profound ſpeculations in the eaſieſt language, expreſſed in words ſo vulgarly received, that they are underſtood by the meaneſt capacities.

For the poet takes care in every line to ſatisfy the underſtandings of mankind: he follows ſtep by ſtep the workings of the mind from the firſt ſtrokes of ſenſe, then of fancy, afterwards of judgment, into the

the principles both of natural and ſupernatural motives: hereby the ſoul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things beſides; the boundleſs tracks of ſea and land, and the vaſter ſpaces of heaven; that vital principle of action, which has always been buſied in enquiries abroad, is now made known to itſelf; inſomuch that we may find out what we ourſelves are, from whence we came, and whither we muſt go; we may perceive what noble gueſts thoſe are, which we lodge in our boſoms, which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing further from our acquaintance.

But here all the labyrinths and windings of the human frame are laid open: 'tis ſeen by what pullies and wheels the work is carried on, as plainly as if a window were opened into our breaſt: for it is the work of God alone to create a mind.—The next to this is to ſhew how its operations are performed.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was the son of a worthy tanner of Chilgrove, in the parish of Tytherly in Wiltshire, and born there about the year 1569. He became a commoner of Queen's College Oxford in Michaelmas term 1585. After he had laid a sufficient foundation of academical learning, and taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he removed to the Middle Temple, where he studied the common law, and was called to the bar——
Upon his quarrelling with Mr. Richard Martin who was afterwards recorder of London, and beating him while they were at dinner in the common hall;

THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was the ſon of a wealthy tanner of Chiſgrove, in the pariſh of Tyſbury in Wiltſhire, and born there about the year 1569. He became a commoner of Queen's College Oxford in Michaelmas term 1585. After he had laid a ſufficient foundation of academical learning, and taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he removed to the Middle Temple, where he ſtudied the common law, and was called to the bar.—— Upon his quarrelling with Mr. Richard Martin who was afterwards recorder of London, and beating him while they were at dinner in the common hall;

hall; he was expelled the ſociety of the Middle Temple. Upon this he retired to Oxford and proſecuted his ſtudies. Afterwards by the favour of Lord Ellemore, Keeper of the Great Seal, being reinſtated in the Temple, he practiſed the law as a barriſter; and was choſen a burgeſs in the parliament held at Weſtminſter 1601. Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, our author went with Lord Hunſdon into Scotland to congratulate King James. That prince was learned himſelf, and a great encourager of learned men; when Hunſdon and his retinue were admitted into the king's preſence; his majeſty enquired the names of the gentlemen who accompanied him; his lordſhip naming among the reſt John Davies, the king preſently aſked whether he was Noſce Teipſum, which was the title of his poem on the Immortality of the Soul, and being anſwered that he was, he graciouſly embraced him, and aſſured him of his favour. The king preſently after promoted him to the office of ſolicitor and then attorney general in Ireland, where in 1606 he was made ſerjeant at law, and afterwards ſpeaker of the houſe of commons in that kingdom; the year following he received the honour of knighthood from the king at Whitehall. In the year 1612 he publiſhed a very valuable book,

called,

called, *A Diſcovery of the true Cauſes why Ireland was never entirely ſubdued, nor brought under Obedience of the Crown of England, until the Beginning of his Majeſty's happy Reign.*

In this treatiſe, the author has proved that the old Iriſh had petitioned to be governed by the laws of England, and that that great bleſſing was denied them by the miſrepreſentations of intereſted and tyrannic men; who having obtained large grants of territory from the crown, oppreſſed in a moſt ſavage manner the ancient inhabitants as well as their own countrymen who were ſettled in Ireland. Great progreſs had been made by ſeveral able lord lieutenants, from Edward the Third's time to the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, to redreſs many enormous grievances which this unhappy country had groaned under.

But the complete ſettlement of Ireland was reſerved for James the Firſt; and this is the great honour of his reign. He paſſed an act of oblivion to quiet the minds of the people, and eſtabliſhed the Engliſh laws in every part of the kingdom. Judges were appointed to go the circuits regularly as in England: Sir Edward Pelham and Sir John

Davies

Davies were the firſt juſtices of aſſize that ever ſat in the counties of Tyrone and Tyconnell. By ſuch prudent regulations as theſe, the province of Ulſter, which had formerly been the ſeat of rebellion and diſtraction, was rendered the moſt peaceable and ſubmiſſive of any in the kingdom. The concluſion of this treatiſe is ſo much to the honour of the natives of Ireland, that I am ſure my reader will not be diſpleaſed with me for tranſcribing it.

"There is no nation of people under the ſun "that doth love equal and indifferent juſtice better "than the Iriſh, or will reſt better ſatisfied with "the execution thereof, although it be againſt "themſelves; ſo as they may have the protection "and benefit of the law, when upon juſt cauſe they "do deſire it."

Sir John, in 1612 quitted the poſt of attorney-general in Ireland, and was made one of his majeſty's Engliſh ſerjeants at law. After his ſettling in England he was often appointed one of the judges of aſſize in the circuits. He married Eleanor Tonchet, youngeſt daughter of George Lord Audley, by whom he had a ſon an ideot, who died young, and a daughter named Lucy, married to Ferdinand

Ferdinand Lord Haſtings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon.

In 1626 Sir John was appointed Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench; but before the ceremony of his inſtallation could be performed, he died ſuddenly of an apoplexy the 7th of December, at his houſe in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age. His lady was a woman of a ſingular character, and it is ſaid ſhe foretold her huſband's death; ſhe had, or pretended to have, the ſpirit of prophecy, and her predictions received from a voice which ſhe often heard were generally wrapped up in dark and obſcure expreſſions. It is commonly reported, that on the Sunday before Sir John's death, as ſhe was ſitting at dinner with him, ſhe ſuddenly burſt into tears; he aſking her the occaſion, ſhe anſwered, "Huſband, theſe are your funeral tears." To which he replied; "Pray, therefore, ſpare your tears now, and I will be content you ſhall laugh when I am dead. In 1649 an account was publiſhed of this lady's ſtrange prophecies: She died in St. Bride's pariſh in London, the 5th of July, 1652, and was buried in St. Martin's church, near the remains of her huſband.

Sir John Davies, beſides his Poems and his Account of the Reduction of Ireland before-mentioned, publiſhed reports and other books relating to the conſtitution and laws of this kingdom. Anthony Wood ſays, there were ſeveral of his manuſcripts on various ſubjects, which were formerly in the library of Sir James Ware, and ſince that in the poſſeſſion of Edward Earl of Clarendon; beſides theſe which were chiefly of a political kind: the ſame author ſays there were alſo ſome epigrams written by Sir John, and a metaphraſe of ſeveral of King David's Pſalms, but never publiſhed. The Poem on the Soul, which he called Noſce Teipſum, was firſt publiſhed in 1599, and afterwards in 1622 with Hymns to Aſtrea in Acroſtick verſe; and Orcheſtra, a poem expreſſing the antiquity and excellence of dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers, containing one hundred and thirty-one ſtanzas unfiniſhed. Mr. W. Thompſon, the author of a poem called Sickneſs, was a great admirer of our author: it is from a corrected copy of his that Sir John Davies's Poems are publiſhed: he obſerves in a note upon the acroſticks, that they are the only good things of that kind; and laments that the Poem on Dancing was left unfiniſhed. Sir John, though a good lawyer and an eminent politician,

cian, was ſtill more eminent as a ſcholar and a poet. His poem on the Immortality of the Soul, will make his name live as long as our language.

N. Tate republiſhed this excellent work in 1699, and introduced it with an admirable preface which is here reprinted. The author of the Biographia Britannia aſcribes this preface to Tate, but it was written in a ſtyle and manner ſuperior to that writer's abilities; and Tate himſelf tells us that the author was a clergyman whoſe name he was not permitted to give the public.

I ſhall conclude this Life of Sir John Davies, which is chiefly taken from Anthony Wood, with the inſcription on his monument, fixed on a pillar near his grave:

"Vir, ingenio compto, rara facundia, oratione
"tum ſoluta tum numeris aſtricta feliciſſimus: Ju-
"ridicam ſeveritatem morum elegantia et amæni-
"ore eruditione mitigavit. Patronus fidus, judex
"incorruptus, ingenuæ pietatis amore, et anxiæ
"ſuperſtitionis contemptu juxta inſignis."

He was a man of fine abilities and uncommon eloquence, and a moſt excellent writer both in proſe and verſe. He tempered the ſeverity of the lawyer with the politeneſs and learning of the gentleman: he was a faithful advocate, an impartial judge; and equally remarkable for a love of ſincere piety and a contempt of anxious ſuperſtition.

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

TO that clear majeſty which in the North
Doth, like another ſun, in glory riſe,
Which ſtandeth fix'd, yet ſpreads her heav'nly worth;
Loadſtone to hearts, and loadſtar to all eyes.

Like heav'n in all, like earth to this alone,
That thro' great ſtates by her ſupport do ſtand;
Yet ſhe herſelf ſupported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divineſt and the richeſt mind,
Both by art's purchaſe, and by nature's dow'r,
That ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
To ſhew the utmoſt of a creature's pow'r:

To that great ſpring, which doth great kingdoms move;
The ſacred ſpring, whence right and honour ſtreams,
Diſtilling virtue, ſhedding peace and love,
In every place, as Cynthia ſheds her beams:
I offer up ſome ſparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reaſon, live, and move and be,
Theſe ſparks by nature evermore aſpire,
Which makes them now to ſuch a highneſs flee.

Fair ſoul, ſince to the faireſt body join'd,
You give ſuch lively life, ſuch quick'ning pow'r;
And influence of ſuch celeſtial kind,
As keeps it ſtill in youth's immortal flower:

As where the ſun is preſent all the year,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs muſt the ſpring be everlaſting there,
And every ſeaſon like the month of May.

O! many, many years may you remain
A happy angel to this happy land:
Long, long may you on earth our empreſs reign,
Ere you in heaven a glorious angel ſtand.

Stay long (ſweet ſpirit) ere thou to heaven depart,
Who mak'ſt each place a heaven wherein thou art.

Her Majesty's
Devoted Subject
July 11, 1592. And Servant,
JOHN DAVIES.

THE

A POEM ON DANCING.

As when the Dardans, nymph-like, on the mountains,
In honour of the chearful vintage join,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorning,
A solemn hasty measure have begun;
The god, well pleas'd with that his honour-dance,
Shedds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
With that immortal glorious face of his.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

In the Note Page 1 of the Introduction, instead of the Letters W. B. at the End of it, read W. T. In the Poem on the Immortality of the Soul Page 109, instead of SECT. XXXVI. read SECT. XXXIV. In the Note facing the Hymns of Athea Page 167, instead of Two-Gun read Tow-gun.

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THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHY did my parents ſend me to the ſchools,
That I with *knowledge* might enrich my mind?
Since the *deſire to know* firſt made men fools,
And did corrupt the *root* of all mankind;

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the firſt parents, all the rules of good,
So that their ſkill infus'd, did paſs all arts
That ever were, before, or ſince the flood;

---

* This poem was publiſhed by Mr. *Tate* with the univerſal applauſe of the nation; and was without diſpute, except *Spencer*'s Fairy Queen, the beſt that was written in Queen *Elizabeth*'s, or even King *James* the Firſt's time.

W. B.

And when their reaſons eye was ſharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the ſun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have done:

E'en then to them th' *ſpirit of lies* ſuggeſts,
That they were blind, becauſe they ſaw not *ill*,
And breath'd into their incorrupted breaſts
A curious *wiſh*, which did corrupt their *will*.

For that ſame ill they ſtraight deſir'd to know;
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the Devil could not ſhow,
While man their Lord in his perfection ſtood.

So that themſelves were firſt to *do* the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poiſon's power to kill,
Until (by taſting it) himſelf was ſlain.

E'en ſo by taſting of that fruit forbid,
Where they ſought *knowledge*, they did *error* find;
Ill they deſir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give *paſſion* eyes, made *reaſon* blind.

For

For then their minds did firſt in *paſſion* ſee
Thoſe wretched ſhapes of *miſery* and *woe*,
Of *nakedneſs*, of *ſhame*, of *poverty*,
Which then their own *experience* made them know.

But then grew *reaſon* dark, that *ſhe* no more,
Could the fair forms of *good* and *truth* diſcern,
Bats they became, that *eagles* were before;
And this they got by their *deſire to learn*.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we ſtill taſte of the fruit forbid?
Whilſt with fond fruitleſs curioſity,
In books profane we ſeek for knowledge hid.

What is this *knowledge?* but the ſky-ſtol'n fire,
For which the *thief* * ſtill chain'd in ice doth ſit?
And which the poor rude *ſatyr* † did admire,
And needs would kiſs, but burnt his lips with it.

---

* Prometheus. † See Æſop's Fables.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which, when *Jove's guest* * embrac'd, he monsters got?
Or the false *pails*, † which oft being fill'd with pain?
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
Which the *youth* ‡ sought, and sought his death withal?
Or the *boy*'s § wings, which when he did approach
The *sun*'s hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our Bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned *volumes* turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When *error* choaks the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things, how can we learn?
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

---

* Ixion. † Danaides. ‡ Phaeton. § Icarus.

When

When *reaſon*'s lamp, which (like the *ſun* in ſky)
Throughout *man*'s little world her beams did ſpread,
Is now become a ſparkle, which doth lie
Under the aſhes, half extinct, and dead:
How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying ſparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect theſe beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the firſt minds by grace?
So might the heir, whoſe father hath in play
Waſted a thouſand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to reſtore the patrimony ſpent.
The wits that div'd moſt deep, and ſoar'd moſt high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakneſs ſuch:
" Skill comes ſo ſlow, and life ſo faſt doth fly,
" We learn ſo little and forget ſo much."
For this the wiſeſt of all moral men
Said, *He knew nought, but that he nought did know,*
And the great mocking-maſter mock'd not then,
When he ſaid, *Truth was buried deep below.*

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own *Soul* underſtands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, *know thyſelf*, his oracle commands.

For why ſhould we the buſy *Soul* believe,
When boldly ſhe concludes of that and this,
When of herſelf ſhe can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, not what ſhe is.

All things without, which round about we ſee,
We ſeek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we *reaſon, live and be*,
Within ourſelves, we ſtrangers are thereto.

We ſeek to know the moving of each ſphere,
And the ſtrange cauſe of th' ebbs and floods of *Nile*;
But of that *clock* within our breaſts we bear,
The ſubtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourſelves with ev'ry *zone*,
And paſs both *tropicks*, and behold each *pole*,
When we come home, are to ourſelves unknown,
And unacquainted ſtill with our own *Soul*.

We ſtudy *ſpeech* but others we perſuade,
We *leech-craft* learn, but others cure with it,
We interpret *laws*, which other men have made,
But read not thoſe which in our hearts are writ.

Is it becauſe the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whoſe rays reflect not, but ſpread outwardly;
Not ſeeing itſelf, when other things it ſees?

No, doubtleſs; for the mind can backward caſt
Upon herſelf, her underſtanding's light,
But ſhe is ſo corrupt, and ſo defac'd,
As her own image doth herſelf affright.

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,
Which for her luſt was turn'd into a cow,
When thirſty to a ſtream ſhe did repair,
And ſaw herſelf transform'd ſhe wiſt not how:

At firſt ſhe ſtartles, then ſhe ſtands amaz'd;
At laſt with terror ſhe from thence doth fly,
And loathes the wat'ry glaſs wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhuns it ſtill, though ſhe for thirſt doth die:

E'en ſo *man's Soul* which did God's image bear,
And was at firſt fair, good, and ſpotleſs pure,
Since with her *ſins* her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all ſights her own ſight leaſt endure:

For e'en at firſt reflection ſhe eſpies
Such ſtrange *chimeras*, and ſuch monſters there,
Such toys, ſuch *anticks*, and ſuch vanities,
As ſhe retires, and ſhrinks for ſhame and fear.

And as the man loves leaſt at home to be,
That hath a ſluttiſh houſe haunted with *ſprites*;
So ſhe impatient her own faults to ſee,
Turns from herſelf, and in ſtrange things delights.

For this few *know themſelves*: for merchants broke
View their eſtate with diſcontent and pain,
And *ſeas* are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themſelves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleaſing and fair, agreeable and ſweet,
Theſe things tranſport, and carry out the mind,
That with herſelf, the mind can never meet.

Yet

Yet if *affliction* once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler *ſenſe* with ſword and fire,
The *mind* contracts herſelf, and ſhrinketh in,
And to herſelf ſhe gladly doth retire:

As *ſpiders* touch'd, ſeek their web's inmoſt part;
As *bees* in ſtorms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men ſeek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, *affliction*'s looks,
(Making us pry into ourſelves ſo near)
Teach us to *know ourſelves* beyond all *books*,
Or all the learned *ſchools* that ever were.

This *miſtreſs* lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden leſſon hath me taught;
Hath made my *ſenſes* quick, and *reaſon* clear;
Reform'd my will and rectify'd my *thought*.

So do the *winds* and *thunders* cleanſe the air:
So working ſeas ſettle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flouriſh fair:
So doth the fire the droſſy gold refine.

Neither

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muſe*,
Nor rules of *art*, nor *preceptſ* of the wiſe,
Could in my brain thoſe beams of ſkill infuſe,
As but the glance of this *dame*'s angry eyes.

She within *liſts* my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myſelf I will not go;
Myſelf am *centre* of my circling thought,
Only *myſelf* I ſtudy, learn, and know.

I know my Body's of ſo frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in *wit* and *will*:
I know my *Soul* hath power to know all things,
Yet is ſhe blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of *nature*'s little kings,
Yet to the leaſt and vileſt things am thrall.

I know my life's a *pain*, and but a *ſpan*,
I know my *ſenſe* is mock'd in ev'ry thing,
And to conclude, I know myſelf a man,
Which is a *proud*, and yet a *wretched* thing.

OF THE

SOUL OF MAN,

AND THE

Immortality thereof.

THE lights of heav'n (which are the world's fair eyes)
Look down into the world, the world to ſee;
And as they turn, or wander in the ſkies,
Survey all things, that on this centre be.

And yet the *lights* which in my *tow'r* do ſhine,
Mine *eyes* which view all objects, nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor ſee my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since

Since *nature* fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward ſelf to ſee?
Which ſight the knowledge of myſelf might bring,
Which to true wiſdom is the firſt degree.

That *pow'r*, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myſelf, infus'd an *inward light*,
Whereby my *Soul*, as by a *mirror true*,
Of her own *form* may take a perfect ſight.

But as the ſharpeſt *eye* diſcerneth nought,
Except the *ſun*-beams in the air do ſhine;
So the beſt *Soul*, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herſelf without ſome light divine.

O *light* which mak'ſt the light, which makes the day!
Which ſet'ſt the eye without, and mind within;
'Lighten my ſpirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itſelf doth firſt begin.

For her true form how can my ſpark diſcern,
Which dim by *nature*, *art* did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all ſkill we learn,
Are ignorant both *what* ſhe is, and *where*.

One thinks the *Soul* is *air*; another, *fire*;
Another *blood*, diffus'd about the heart;
Another ſaith, the *elements* conſpire,
And to her *eſſence* each doth give a part.

Muſicians think our *Souls* are *harmonies*,
Phyſicians hold that they *complexions* be;
Epicures make them ſwarms of *atomies*,
Which do by chance into our Bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral *Soul* fills ev'ry brain,
As the bright *ſun* ſheds light in every ſtar;
And others think the name of *Soul* is vain,
And that we only *well-mixt* Bodies are.

In judgment of her *ſubſtance* thus they vary,
And thus they vary in judgment of her *ſeat*;
For ſome her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thruſt it down into the *ſtomach*'s heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the *heart*;
Some in the *river*, fountain of the veins;
Some ſay, *ſhe's all in all*, and *all in ev'ry part*;
Some ſay, ſhe's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus

Thus theſe great clerks their little wiſdom ſhow,
While with their doctrines they at *hazard* play;
Toſſing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the *lewd*, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the *Soul*, ſo vain and fond a thought;
But ſome among theſe maſters have been found,
Which in their *ſchools* the ſelf-ſame thing have taught.

God only wiſe, to puniſh pride of wit,
Among men's wits hath this confuſion wrought,
As the proud *tow'r* whoſe points the clouds did hit,
By tongues confuſion was to ruin brought.

But *(thou)* which didſt *man's ſoul* of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
" To make it new, the form of man didſt take;
" And *God* with *God*, becam'ſt a *man* with men."

Thou that haſt faſhion'd twice this *Soul* of ours,
So that ſhe is by double title thine,
Thou only know'ſt her nature and her pow'rs;
Her ſubtil form thou only canſt define.

To

To judge herſelf, ſhe muſt herſelf tranſcend,
As greater circles comprehend the leſs:
But ſhe wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,
As fetter'd men cannot their ſtrength expreſs.

But thou bright *morning-ſtar*, thou *riſing-ſun*,
Which in theſe later times haſt brought to light
Thoſe myſteries, that, ſince the world begun,
Lay hid in darkneſs, and eternal night.

Thou *(like the ſun)* do'ſt with an equal ray,
Into the *palace* and the *cottage* ſhine,
And ſhew'ſt the *Soul*, both to the clerk and lay,
By the clear *lamp* of *oracle* divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
Where my *Soul* ſits, doth ſpread ſuch beams of grace,
As now, methinks, I do diſtinguiſh plain,
Each ſubtle line of her *immortal* face.

The Soul a ſubſtance, and a *ſpirit* is,
Which *God* himſelf doth in the Body make,
Which makes the *man*, for every man from this,
The *nature* of a *man*, and *name* doth take.

And

And though this ſpirit be to th' Body knit,
As an apt means her pow'rs to exerciſe,
Which are *life*, *motion*, *ſenſe*, and *will*, and *wit*,
Yet ſhe *ſurvives*, although the Body *dies*.

SECT. I.

That the SOUL *is a Thing ſubſiſting by itſelf without the Body.*

SHE *is a ſubſtance*, and *a real* thing,
Which hath itſelf an actual working might,
Which neither from the *ſenſes* power doth ſpring,
Nor from the *Body's humours* temper'd right.

She is a *vine*, which doth no propping need
To make her ſpread herſelf, or ſpring upright;
She is a *ſtar*, whoſe beams do not proceed
From any *ſun*, but from a *native* light.

For

For when she sorts things *present* with things *past*,
And thereby things to *come* doth oft foresee;
When she doth *doubt* at first, and *chuse* at last,
These acts her *own*,* without her Body be.

When of the dew, which th' *eye* and *ear* do take
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is her's, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many cases, like one rule of law;
These her collections, not the *senses* are.

When in th' *effects* she doth the *causes* know,
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth *rise*;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below;
These things she views without the Body's eyes.

* That the *Soul* hath a proper operation without the Body.

When ſhe, without a *Pegaſus*, doth fly
Swifter than lightning's fire from *Eaſt to Weſt*;
About the *centre*, and above the *ſky*,
She travels then, although the Body reſt.

When all her works ſhe formeth firſt within,
Proportions them, and ſees their perfect end;
Ere ſhe in act doth any part begin,
What inſtruments doth then the Body lend?

When without hands ſhe doth thus *caſtles* build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When ſhe digeſts the world, yet is not fill'd;
By her own *pow'rs* theſe miracles are done.

When ſhe defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Conſiders *virtue*, *vice*, and *general things*;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true concluſion brings.

Theſe actions in her cloſet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herſelf) ſhe doth fulfil;
Uſe of her Body's organs ſhe hath none,
When ſhe doth uſe the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the Body's priſon ſo ſhe lies,
As through the Body's windows ſhe muſt look,
Her divers powers of *ſenſe to exerciſe*,
By gath'ring notes out of the *world*'s great book.

Nor can herſelf diſcourſe or judge of ought,
But what the *ſenſe* collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her diſcourſing thought,
From theſe collections is a *diverſe* thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours ſee,
Yet colours give them not their pow'r of ſight:
So, though theſe fruits of *ſenſe* her objects be,
Yet ſhe diſcerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his ſtuff his ſkill doth ſhow,
And yet the ſtuff gives not the man his ſkill:
Kings their affairs do by their ſervants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

So, though this cunning miſtreſs, and this queen,
Doth, as her inſtruments, the *ſenſes* uſe,
To know all things that are *felt*, *heard*, or *ſeen*;
Yet ſhe herſelf doth only *judge* and *chuſe*.

E'en as a prudent *emperor*, that reigns
By *ſovereign* title over ſundry lands,
Borrows, in mean affairs, his ſubjects pains,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of weight and conſequence indeed,
Himſelf doth in his chamber them debate;
Where all his counſellors he doth exceed,
As far in judgment, as he doth in ſtate.

Or as the man whom *princes* do advance,
Upon their gracious *mercy-ſeat* to ſit,
Doth common things, of courſe and circumſtance,
To the *reports* of common men commit:

But when the cauſe itſelf muſt be decreed,
Himſelf in perſon, in his proper court,
To grave and ſolemn hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry bye-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that ſtill are in his ſight,
To reap the wiſdom which his lips do ſow.

Right

Right ſo the *Soul*, which is a lady free,
And doth the juſtice of her *ſtate* maintain:
Becauſe the ſenſes ready ſervants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain;

By them the forms of outward things ſhe learns,
For they return into the *fantaſie*,
Whatever each of them abroad diſcerns;
And there enroll it for the mind to ſee.

But when ſhe ſits to judge the *good* and *ill*,
And to diſcern betwixt the *falſe* and *true*,
She is not guided by the *ſenſes* ſkill,
But doth each thing in her own *mirror* view.

Then ſhe the *ſenſes* checks, which oft do err,
And e'en againſt their falſe *reports* decrees;
And oft ſhe doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a pow'r above the *ſenſe*, ſhe ſees.

Therefore no *ſenſe* the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the raviſh'd ſpirit th' *ſenſes* leaves,
Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are ſweet, and full of ſkill,
When on the Body's inſtruments ſhe plays;
But the proportions of the *wit* and *will*,
Thoſe ſweet accords are even th' angels lays.

Theſe tunes of *reaſon* are *Amphion*'s lyre,
Wherewith he did the *Theban* city found:
Theſe are the notes wherewith the heavenly *choir*,
The praiſe of him which made the heav'n doth found.

Then her *ſelf-being nature* ſhines in this,
That ſhe performs her *nobleſt* works *alone*:
"The *work*, the touch-ſtone of the *nature* is;
"And by their *operations*, things are known."

SECT.

SECT. II.

That the Soul *is more than a Perfection, or Reflection of the Senſe.*

ARE they not ſenſeleſs then, that think the *Soul*
Nought but a fine perfection of the *Senſe*,
Or of the forms which *fancy* doth enroll;
A *quick reſulting*, and a *conſequence?*

What is it then that doth the *Senſe* accuſe,
Both of *falſe judgment*, and *fond appetites?*
What makes us do what *Senſe* doth moſt refuſe,
Which oft in torment of the *Senſe* delights?

Senſe thinks the *planets ſpheres* not much aſunder:
What tells us then their diſtance is ſo far?
Senſe thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us then they both together are?

When men ſeem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Senſe ſaith, they're crows: What makes us think them men?
When we in *agues*, think all ſweet things ſour,
What makes us know our tongue's falſe judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby *Medea* ſaw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better courſe;
When her rebellious *Senſe* did ſo withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that ſhe purſu'd the worſe?

Did *Senſe* perſuade *Ulyſſes* not to hear
The mermaid's ſongs which ſo his men did pleaſe,
That they were all perſuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ſhip and leap into the *ſeas?*

Could any pow'r of *Senſe* the *Roman* move,
To burn his own right-hand with courage ſtout?
Could *Senſe* make *Marius* ſit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtleſs, in *man* there is a *nature* found,
Beſide the *Senſes* and above them far;
"Tho' moſt men being in ſenſual pleaſures drown'd,
"It ſeems their *Souls* but in their *Senſes* are."

If we had nought but *Senſe*, then only they
Should have ſound minds, which have their *Senſes* found:
But *wiſdom* grows, when *Senſes* do decay;
And *folly* moſt in quickeſt *Senſe* is found.

If

If we had nought but *Senſe*, each living wight,
Which we call *brute*, would be more ſharp than we;
As having *Senſe's apprehenſive might*,
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that *quick diſcourſing pow'r*,
Which doth in us the erring *ſenſe* correct;
Therefore the *bee* did ſuck the painted flow'r,
And *birds*, of grapes, the cunning ſhadow peck'd.

Senſe outſides knows, the *Soul* thro' all things ſees:
Senſe, *circumſtance*; ſhe doth the *ſubſtance* view:
Senſe ſees the bark; but ſhe the life of trees:
Senſe hears the ſounds; but ſhe the concords true.

But why do I the *Soul* and *Senſe* divide,
When *Senſe* is but a *pow'r*, which ſhe extends;
Which being in divers parts *diverſify'd*,
The divers *forms* of objects apprehends?

This power ſpreads outward, but the *root* doth grow
In th' inward *Soul*, which only doth perceive;
For th' *eyes* and *ears* no more their objects know,
Than *glaſſes* know what faces they receive.

For

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elſewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot ſee:
And if one *pow'r* did not both ſee and hear,
Our ſights and ſounds would always double be.

Then is the *Soul* a nature, which contains
The pow'r of *Senſe*, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and uſe the *Senſe*'s pains,
But ſits and rules within her private bow'r.

SECT. III.

That the SOUL *is more than the Temperature of the Humours of the Body.*

IF ſhe doth then the ſubtle *ſenſe* excel,
How groſs are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the Body's humours temper'd well;
As if in them ſuch high perfection ſtood?

As

As if moſt ſkill in that *muſician* were,
Which had the beſt, and beſt tun'd *inſtrument*?
As if the *pencil* neat, and *colours* clear,
Had pow'r to make the *painter* excellent?

Why doth not *beauty* then refine the *wit*,
And good complexion rectify the *will*?
Why doth not *health* bring *wiſdom* ſtill with it?
Why doth not ſickneſs make men brutiſh ſtill.

Who can in *memory*, or *wit*, or *will*,
Or *air*, or *fire*, or *earth*, or *water* find?
What alchymiſt can draw, with all his ſkill,
The *quinteſſence* of theſe out of the mind?

If th' *elements* which have nor *life*, nor *ſenſe*,
Can breed in us ſo great a *pow'r* as this,
Why give they not *themſelves* like excellence,
Or other things wherein their *mixture* is?

If ſhe were but the Body's quality,
Then ſhe would be with it *ſick*, *maim'd* and *blind*:
But we perceive where theſe privations be,
An *healthy*, *perfect*, and *ſharp-ſighted* mind.

If ſhe the Body's nature did partake,
Her ſtrength would with the Body's ſtrength *decay*:
But when the Body's ſtrongeſt ſinews ſlake,
Then is the *Soul* moſt active, quick and gay.

If ſhe were but the Body's accident,
And her ſole being did in it ſubſiſt,
As *white in ſnow*, ſhe might herſelf abſent,
And in the Body's ſubſtance not be miſs'd.

But *it* on *her*, not *ſhe* on *it* depends;
For *ſhe* the Body doth ſuſtain and cheriſh:
Such ſecret pow'rs of life to it ſhe lends,
That when they fail, then doth the Body periſh.

Since then the *Soul works by herſelf alone*,
Springs not from Senſe, nor *humours well agreeing*,
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
She is a *ſubſtance*, and a *perfect being*.

SECT. IV.

That the SOUL *is a Spirit.*

BUT though this ſubſtance be the root of *ſenſe*,
Senſe knows her not, which doth but *Bodies* know:
She is a Spirit, and heav'nly influence,
Which from th' fountain of God's ſpirit doth flow.

She is a *Spirit*, yet not like *air*, or *wind*;
Nor like the *ſpirits* about the *heart*, or *brain*;
Nor like thoſe ſpirits which alchymiſts do find,
When they in ev'ry thing ſeek gold in *vain*.

For ſhe all *natures* under heav'n doth paſs, [ſee,
Being like thoſe ſpirits, which God's bright face do
Or like *Himſelf*, whoſe *image* once ſhe was,
Though now (alas!) ſhe ſcarce his *ſhadow* be.

For of all *forms*, ſhe holds the firſt degree,
That are to groſs, material bodies knit;
Yet ſhe herſelf is *bodyleſs*, and free;
And though confin'd, is almoſt infinite.

Where

Were ſhe a *Body*, * how could ſhe remain
Within this Body, which is *leſs* than ſhe?
Or how could ſhe the world's great ſhape contain,
And in our narrow breaſts contained be?

All *Bodies* are confin'd within ſome place,
But *ſhe* all place within herſelf confines:
All *Bodies* have their meaſure and their ſpace;
But who can draw the *Soul*'s dimenſive lines?

No *Body* can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the *Soul* ten thouſand forms do ſit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All *Bodies* are with other *Bodies* fill'd,
But ſhe receives both *heav'n* and *earth* together:
Nor are their forms by raſh encounter ſpill'd,
For there they ſtand, and neither toucheth either.

---

* That it cannot be a Body.

Nor

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that moſt and greateſt things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As ſtreams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's ſpace.

All things receiv'd, do ſuch proportion take,
As thoſe things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glaſſes little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vaſt Body muſt we make the *mind*,
Wherein are men, beaſts, trees, towns, ſeas and lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true *proportion* ſtands?

Doubtleſs, this could not be, but that ſhe turns
Bodies to Spirits, by *ſublimation* ſtrange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their groſs *matter* ſhe abſtracts the *forms*,
And draws a kind of *quinteſſence* from things;
Which to her proper nature ſhe transforms,
To bear them light on her celeſtial wings.

This

This doth ſhe, when, from things *particular*,
She doth abſtract the *univerſal kinds*,
Which bodyleſs and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus from divers *accidents* and *acts*,
Which do within her obſervation fall,
She goddeſſes, and pow'rs divine abſtracts;
As *nature*, *fortune*, and the *virtues* all.

Again; how can ſhe ſev'ral *Bodies* know,
If in herſelf a *Body*'s form ſhe bear?
How can a mirror ſundry faces ſhow,
If from all ſhapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
Except our eyes were of all colours void;
Nor ſundry taſtes can any tongue diſcern,
Which is with groſs and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of *paſſions* judge aright,
Except his mind be from all paſſions free:
Nor can a *judge* his office well acquit,
If he poſſeſs'd of either party be.

If, laſtly, this quick pow'r a Body were,
Were it as ſwift as is the *wind* or *fire*,
(Whoſe *atoms* do the one down ſide-ways bear,
And th' other make in *pyramids* aſpire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time muſt move,
And not in inſtants thro' all places ſlide:
But ſhe is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She's ſent as ſoon to *China*, as to *Spain*;
And thence returns, as ſoon as ſhe is ſent:
She meaſures with one time, and with one pain,
An ell of ſilk, and heav'ns wide ſpreading tent.

As then the *Soul* a ſubſtance hath alone,
Beſides the Body in which ſhe's confin'd;
So hath ſhe not a Body of her own,
But is a *ſpirit*, and *immaterial mind*.

Since Body and Soul have ſuch diverſities,
Well might we muſe, how firſt their *match* began;
But that we learn, that *he* that ſpread the ſkies,
And fix'd the earth, firſt form'd the *Soul* in man.

This true, *Prometheus* firſt made man of earth,
And ſhed in him a beam of heav'nly fire;
Now in their mother's wombs, before their birth,
Doth in all ſons of men their *Souls* inſpire.

And as *Minerva* is in fables ſaid,
From *Jove*, without a mother, to proceed;
So our true *Jove*, without a mother's aid;
Doth daily millions of *Minervas* breed.

SECT. V.

Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of SOULS.

THEN neither from eternity before,
Nor from the time, when *time*'s firſt point begun,
Made he all *Souls*, which now he keeps in ſtore;
Some in the moon, and others in the ſun:

Nor

Nor in a *ſecret cloyſter* doth he keep
  Theſe virgin-ſpirits, 'till their *marriage-day*;
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they ſleep,
  Till they awake within theſe beds of clay.

Nor did he firſt a certain number make,
  Infuſing part in *beaſts* and part in *men*;
And, as unwilling further pains to take,
  Would make no more than thoſe he framed then.

So that the widow *Soul*, her Body dying,
  Unto the next born Body married was;
And ſo by often changing, and ſupplying,
  Men's *Souls* to beaſts, and beaſts to men did paſs.

(Theſe thoughts are fond; for ſince the Bodies born
  Be more in number far, than thoſe that die,
Thouſands muſt be abortive, and forlorn
  Ere others deaths to them their *Souls* ſupply:)

But as *God's handmaid, nature*, doth create
  Bodies in time diſtinct, and order due;
So God gives *Souls* the like ſucceſſive date,
  Which *himſelf* makes, in Bodies formed new:

Which *himſelf* makes of no material thing;
For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n
Either to form the ſhape, or ſtuff to bring
From *air or fire, or ſubſtance of the heav'n.*
Nor herein doth he *nature*'s ſervice uſe;
For tho' from Bodies, ſhe can Bodies bring,
Yet could ſhe never Souls from Souls *traduce*,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth ſpring.

SECT. VI.

That the SOUL *is not* ex traduce.

ALAS! that ſome who were great lights of old,
And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,
Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

OBJECTION.

For when (ſay they) by rule of faith we find,
That ev'ry *Soul* unto her Body knit,
Brings from the mother's womb the *ſin of kind*,
The *root* of all the *ill* ſhe doth commit.

How can we ſay that God the *Soul* doth make,
But we muſt make him author of her ſin?
Then from man's *Soul* ſhe doth beginning take,
Since in man's *Soul* corruption did begin.

For if God make her firſt he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our thoughts ſhould yield unto;)
Or makes the Body her fair form to ſpill,
Which, of itſelf, it had not pow'r to do.

Not *Adam's Body*, but his *Soul* did ſin,
And ſo herſelf unto corruption brought;
But our poor *Soul* corrupted is within,
Ere ſhe had ſinn'd, either in act, or thought:

And yet we ſee in her ſuch pow'rs divine,
As we could gladly think, *from God ſhe came:*
Fain would we make him author of the wine,
If for the dregs we could ſome other blame.

ANSWER.

Thus theſe good men with holy zeal were blind,
When on the other part the truth did ſhine;
Whereof we do clear demonſtrations find,
By light of *nature*, and by light *divine*.

None are ſo groſs as to contend for this,
That Souls from Bodies may traduced be;
Between whoſe natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature ſtill agree.

But many ſubtle wits have juſtify'd,
That *Souls* from *Souls* ſpiritually may ſpring;
Which (if the nature of the *Soul* be try'd)
Will e'en in nature prove as groſs a thing.

SECT. VII.

Reaſons drawn from Nature.

FOR all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of ſtuff that ready made doth ſtand:
Of nought no creature ever formed ought,
For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the *Soul* another *Soul* do make,
Becauſe her pow'r is kept within a bound,
She muſt ſome former ſtuff, or *matter* take;
But in the *Soul* there is no *matter* found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
With any *matter* which the world contains,
Then ſhe of *nothing* muſt created be;
And to *create*, to God alone pertains.

Again, if *Souls* do other *Souls* beget,
'Tis by themſelves, or by the Body's pow'r:
If by themſelves, what doth their working let,
But they might *Souls* engender ev'ry hour?

If by the Body, how can *wit* and *will*
Join with the Body only in this act,
Since when they do their other works fulfil,
They from the Body do themſelves *abſtract*.

Again, if *Souls* of *Souls* begotten were,
Into each other they ſhould change and move;
And *change* and *motion ſtill corruption* bear;
How ſhall we then the *Soul* immortal prove?

If, laſtly, *Souls* do generation uſe,
Then ſhould they ſpread incorruptible ſeed:
What then becomes of that which they do loſe,
When th' act of generation do not ſpeed?

And tho' the *Soul* could caſt ſpiritual ſeed,
Yet *would* ſhe not, becauſe ſhe *never dies*;
For mortal things deſire their like to breed,
That ſo they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the angels, ſons of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n:
Their ſpirits and ours are of one *ſubſtance* fram'd,
And have one father, e'en the *Lord of heaven*;

Who

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
The *earth* and *water* living *Souls* should breed,
But that *man*'s *Soul*, whom he would make their king,
Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the *woman* from *man*'s side,
Doubtless himself inspir'd her *Soul* alone;
For 'tis not said, he did *man*'s *Soul* divide,
But took *flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.*

Lastly, God being made man for man's own sake,
And being like man in all, except in sin,
His Body from the *virgin*'s womb did take;
But all agree, *God form'd his Soul within.*

Then is the *Soul* from God; so *Pagans* say,
Which saw by *nature*'s light her heav'nly kind;
Naming her *kin to God, and God's bright ray*,
A citizen of heav'n, to earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
Whom my young *muse* so boldly termed blind!
And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to clear;
Which makes them think, God doth not make the mind.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

Reaſons from Divinity.

GOD doubtleſs, makes her, and doth make her good,
And grafts her in the Body, there to ſpring;
Which, though it be corrupted fleſh and blood,
Can no way to the Soul corruption bring:

Yet is not God the author of her *ill*,
Though author of her *being*, and *being there*:
And if we dare to judge our *Maker*'s will,
He can condemn us, and himſelf can clear.

Firſt, God from infinite eternity
Decreed, what *hath been*, *is*, or *ſhall be* done;
And was reſolv'd, that ev'ry man ſhould be,
And in his turn, his race of life ſhould run:

And ſo did purpoſe all the *Souls* to make,
That ever *have been* made, or *ever ſhall*;
And that their *being* they ſhould only take
In human Bodies, or not *be* at all.

Was

Was it then fit that ſuch a weak event
(Weakneſs itſelf, the ſin and fall of man)
His counſel's execution ſhould prevent,
Decreed and fix'd before the world began?

Or that one *penal law* by *Adam* broke,
Should make God break his own *eternal law*;
The ſettled order of the world revoke,
And change all forms of things which he foreſaw?

Could *Eve*'s weak hand, extended to the tree,
In ſunder rent that *adamantine chain*,
Whoſe golden links, *effects and cauſes* be;
And which to God's own chair doth fix'd remain?

O could we ſee how cauſe from cauſe doth ſpring!
How mutually they link'd and folded are!
And hear how oft one diſagreeing ſtring
The harmony doth rather make than mar!

And view at once, how *death* by *ſin* is brought;
And how from *death*, a better *life* doth riſe!
How this God's *juſtice*, and his *mercy* taught!
We this decree would praiſe, as right and wiſe.

But

But we that meaſure times by firſt and laſt,
The ſight of things *ſucceſſively* do take,
When God on all at once his view doth caſt,
And of all times doth but one *inſtant* make.

All in *Himſelf*, as in a *glaſs*, he ſees;
For *from Him*, *by Him*, *thro' Him*, *all things be*:
His ſight is not diſcourſive, by degrees;
But ſeeing th' whole, each ſingle part doth ſee.

He looks on *Adam*, as a *root*, or *well*;
And on his heirs, as *branches*, and as *ſtreams*:
He ſees *all* men, as *one* man, though they dwell
In ſundry cities, and in ſundry realms.

And as the *root* and *branch* are but one *tree*,
And *well* and *ſtream* do but one *river* make;
So, if the *root* and *well* corrupted be,
The *ſtream* and *branch* the ſame corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind
Did draw corruption, and God's curſe, by ſin;
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
And all his offſpring grew corrupt therein.

And

And as when th' hand doth ſtrike, the man offends,
(For *part from whole, law ſevers not in this*)
So *Adam*'s ſin to the whole kind extends;
For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this *ſin of kind*, not perſonal,
But real, and hereditary was;
The guilt thereof, and puniſhment to all,
By courſe of nature, and of law doth paſs.

For as that eaſy law was giv'n to all,
To anceſtor and heir, to firſt and laſt;
So was the firſt tranſgreſſion general;
And all did pluck the fruit, and all did taſte.

Of this we find ſome foot-ſteps in our law,
Which doth her root from God and nature take;
Ten thouſand men ſhe doth together draw,
And of them all, one corporation make:

Yet theſe, and their ſucceſſors, are but one;
And if they gain, or loſe their liberties,
They harm, or profit not themſelves alone,
But ſuch as in ſucceeding times ſhall riſe.

And ſo the anceſtor, and all his heirs,
Though they in number paſs the ſtars of heav'n,
Are ſtill but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his advancements giv'n:

His civil acts do bind and bar them all;
And as from *Adam*, all corruption take,
So, if the father's crime be *capital*,
In all the *blood*, law doth corruption make.

Is it then juſt with us, to diſinherit
Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
A thouſand heirs that have deſerved nought?

And is not God's decree as juſt as ours,
If he, for *Adam*'s ſin, his ſons deprive
Of all thoſe native virtues, and thoſe pow'rs,
Which he to him, and to his race did give?

For, what is this contagious ſin of kind,
But a *privation* of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
Which all had had, but for the firſt man's ſin.

If

If then a man, on light conditions gain
A great eſtate, to him, and his, for ever;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his heir or blame the giver;

So, though God make the *Soul* good, rich and fair,
Yet when her form is to the Body knit,
Which makes the man, which man is *Adam's heir*,
Juſtly forthwith he takes his grace from it:

And then the *Soul*, being firſt from nothing brought,
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this *declining proneneſs unto nought*,
Is e'en that *ſin* that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the firſt good qualities,
Which in the firſt *Soul* were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do riſe,
And real ſpots of ſin her beauty mar.

Nor is it ſtrange, that *Adam*'s ill deſert
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,
When *Chriſt* his grace and juſtice doth impart
To men unjuſt, and ſuch as have no grace.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, the *Soul* were better ſo to be
Born ſlave to ſin, than not to be at all;
Since (if ſhe do believe) one ſets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
They yet will know (ſince God foreſaw this ill)
Why his high providence did not prevent
The declination of the firſt man's will.

If by his word he had the current ſtay'd
Of *Adam*'s will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his word had ſaid,
I will henceforth, that *man no man ſhall be.*

For what is man without a moving mind,
Which hath a judging *wit*, and chuſing *will?*
Now, if God's pow'r ſhould her election bind,
Her motions then would ceaſe and ſtand all ſtill.

And why did God in man this *Soul* infuſe,
But that he ſhould his Maker *know and love?*
Now, if *love* be compell'd, and cannot chuſe,
How can it grateful, or thank-worthy prove?

Love

Love muſt free-hearted be, and voluntary;
And not inchanted, or by fate conſtrain'd:
Nor like that love, which did *Ulyſſes* carry
To *Circe*'s iſle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Beſides, were we unchangeable in *will*,
And of a *wit* that nothing could miſ-deem;
Equal to God; whoſe wiſdom ſhineth ſtill,
And never errs, we might ourſelves eſteem.

So that if man would be unvariable,
He muſt be God, or like a rock or tree;
For e'en the perfect angels were not ſtable,
But had a fall more deſperate than we.

Then let us praiſe that pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and reſt contented ſo;
And knowing man's fall was curioſity,
Admire God's counſels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is
Of all the *Souls*, in all the men that be;
Yet their corruption is no fault of his,
But the firſt man's that broke God's firſt decree.

SECT. IX.

Why the SOUL *is united to the Body.*

THIS ſubſtance, and this *ſpirit of God's own making*,
Is in the Body plac'd, and planted here,
" That both of God, and of the world partaking,
" Of all that is, man might the image bear."

God firſt made angels bodileſs, pure minds;
Then other things, which mindleſs Bodies be;
Laſt, he made man, th' *horizon* 'twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the world's abridgment ſee.

Beſides, this world below did need *one wight*,
Which might thereof diſtinguiſh ev'ry part;
Make uſe thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with induſtry and art:

Which alſo God might in his works admire,
And here beneath yield him both pray'r and praiſe;
As there, above, the holy angels choir
Doth ſpread his glory forth with ſpiritual lays.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, the brute, unreaſonable wights,
Did want a *viſible king*, o'er them to reign:
And God himſelf thus to the world unites,
That ſo the world might endleſs bliſs obtain.

SECT. X.

In what manner the SOUL *is united to the Body.*

BUT how ſhall we this *union* well expreſs?
Naught ties the *Soul*, her ſubtlety is ſuch;
She moves the Body, which ſhe doth poſſeſs;
Yet no part toucheth, but by *virtue*'s touch.

Then dwells ſhe not therein, as in a *tent*;
Nor as a pilot in his *ſhip* doth ſit;
Nor as the ſpider in his *web* is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a veſſel water doth contain ;
Nor as one liquor in another ſhed ;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain ;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is ſpread :

But as the fair and chearful *morning light*
Doth here and there her ſilver-beams impart,
And in an inſtant doth herſelf unite
To the tranſparent air, in all, and ev'ry part ;

Still reſting whole, when blows the air divide ;
Abiding pure, when th' air is moſt corrupted ;
Throughout the air, her beams diſperſing wide ;
And when the air is toſs'd, not interrupted :

So doth the piercing *Soul* the Body fill,
Being *all* in *all*, and all in part diffus'd ;
Indiviſible, incorruptible ſtill ;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled or confus'd.

And as the *ſun* above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below ;
So from th' Eternal Light the *Soul* doth ſpring,
Though in the Body ſhe her pow'rs do ſhow.

SECT.

SECT. XI.

How the SOUL *exerciſes her Powers in the Body.*

BUT as the world's *ſun* doth effect beget
Diff'rent, in divers places ev'ry day;
Here *Autumn*'s temperature, there *Summer*'s heat;
Here flow'ry *Spring-tide*, and there *Winter* gray.

Here *ev'n*, there *morn*; here *noon*, there *day*, there *night*,
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, ſome quick, ſome dead;
Makes the *Moor* black, the *European* white;
Th' *American* tawny, and th' *Eaſt-Indian* red:

So in our little world, this *Soul* of ours,
Being only one, and to one Body ty'd,
Doth uſe, on divers objects, divers powers;
And ſo are her effects diverſify'd.

SECT. XII.

The Vegetative Power of the SOUL.

HER quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,
Doth as a nurſe, or as a mother ſerve;
And doth employ her *œconomic art*,
And buſy care, her houſhold to preſerve.

Here ſhe *attracts*, and there ſhe doth *retain*;
There ſhe *decocts*, and doth the food prepare;
There ſhe *diſtributes* it to ev'ry vein,
There ſhe *expels* what ſhe may fitly ſpare.

This pow'r to *Martha* may compared be,
Who buſy was, the *houſhold-things* to do:
Or to a *Dryas*, living in a tree:
For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the *Soul* may not this pow'r extend
Out of the Body, but ſtill uſe it there;
She hath a pow'r which ſhe *abroad* doth ſend,
Which views and ſearcheth all things ev'ry where.

SECT. XIII.

The Power of SENSE.

THIS pow'r is *Senſe*, which from abroad doth bring
The *colour*, *taſte*, and *touch*, and *ſcent*, and *ſound*,
The *quantity* and *ſhape* of ev'ry thing
Within earth's centre, or heav'ns circle found.

This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
Yet not the things, but forms of things receives;
As when a ſeal in wax impreſſion makes,
The print therein, but not itſelf, it leaves.

And though things *ſenſible* be numberleſs,
But only five the *Senſe*'s organs be;
And in thoſe five, all things their *forms* expreſs,
Which we can *touch*, *taſte*, *feel*, or *hear*, or *ſee*.

Theſe are the windows, thro' the which ſhe views
The *light of knowledge*, which is life's load-ſtar:
" And yet while ſhe theſe ſpectacles doth uſe,
" Oft worldly things ſeem greater than they are."

SECT. XIV.

SEEING.

FIRST, The two *Eyes*, which have the *ſeeing* pow'r,
Stand as one watchman, ſpy or ſentinel,
Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r;
And tho' both ſee, yet both but one thing tell.

Theſe mirrors take into their little ſpace
The forms of *moon* and *ſun*, and ev'ry *ſtar*,
Of ev'ry Body, and of ev'ry place,
Which with the world's wide arms embraced are:

Yet their beſt object, and their nobleſt uſe,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them ſhall heav'nly light infuſe,
That face to face they may their *Maker* ſee.

Here are they guides, which do the Body lead,
Which elſe would ſtumble in eternal night:
Here in this world they do much knowledge *read*,
And are the caſements which admit moſt light:

They

They are her fartheſt reaching inſtrument,
Yet they no beams unto their objects ſend;
But all the rays are from their objects ſent,
And in the *Eyes* with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
In a ſharp point, and ſo things ſeem but ſmall:
If they be near, their rays do ſpread and fleet,
And make broad points, that things ſeem great withal.

Laſtly, nine things to *Sight* required are;
The *pow'r* to ſee, the *light*, the *viſible* thing,
Being not too *ſmall*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *far*,
Clear ſpace and *time*, the form diſtinct to bring.

Thus ſee we how the *Soul* doth uſe the eyes,
As inſtruments of her quick pow'r of Sight:
Hence doth th' arts *optick*, and fair *painting* riſe;
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

SECT.

SECT. XV.

HEARING.

NOW let us hear how ſhe the *Ears* employs:
Their office is, the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a ſound or noiſe,
Whereof herſelf doth true diſtinction make.

Theſe wickets of the *Soul* are plac'd on high,
Becauſe all ſounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too *violently*,
They are *delay'd* with *turns* and *windings* oft.

For ſhould the voice directly ſtrike the brain,
It would aſtoniſh and confuſe it much;
Therefore theſe plaits and folds the ſound reſtrain,
That it the *organ* may more *gently* touch.

As ſtreams, which with their winding banks do play,
Stopp'd by their creeks, run ſoftly thro' the plain:
So in th' Ear's *labyrinth* the voice doth ſtray,
And doth with *eaſy* motion touch the brain.

This

This is the ſloweſt, yet the daintieſt *ſenſe*;
For e'en the *Ears* of ſuch as have no ſkill,
Perceive a diſcord, and conceive offence;
And knowing not what's *good*, yet find the *ill*.

And tho' this *ſenſe* firſt gentle muſic found,
Her proper object is *the ſpeech of men*;
But that ſpeech chiefly which God's heralds ſound,
When their tongues utter what his ſpirit did pen.

Our *Eyes* have lids, our *Ears* ſtill ope we ſee,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd;
Our *Eyes* ſtill move, our *Ears* unmoved be;
That tho' we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the *Eye* and *Ear*,
The *Soul* with knowledge doth herſelf endue:
" Thus ſhe her *priſon* may with pleaſure bear,
" Having ſuch *proſpects*, all the world to view."

Theſe *conduit-pipes* of knowledge feed the mind,
But th' other three attend the Body ſtill;
For by their ſervices the *Soul* doth find,
What things are to the Body good or ill.

SECT.

SECT. XVI.

TASTE.

THE Body's life with meats and air is fed,
Therefore the *Soul* doth uſe the *taſting* pow'r
In veins, which thro' the tongue and palate ſpread,
Diſtinguiſh ev'ry reliſh, ſweet and ſour.

This is the Body's *nurſe*; but ſince man's wit
Found th' art of *cook'ry* to delight his *ſenſe*,
More Bodies are conſum'd and kill'd with it,
Than with the ſword, famine, or peſtilence.

SECT. XVII.

SMELLING.

NEXT, in the noſtrils ſhe doth uſe the *Smell*:
As God the *breath of life* in them did give;
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,
To judge all airs, whereby we *breathe* and *live*.

This

This *ſenſe* is alſo miſtreſs of an art,
Which to ſoft people ſweet perfumes doth ſell;
Tho' this dear art doth little good impart,
"Since they ſmell beſt, that do of nothing ſmell."

And yet good *ſcents* do purify the brain,
Awake the *fancy*, and the wits refine:
Hence old *devotion*, *incenſe* did ordain,
To make men's ſpirits apt for thoughts divine.

SECT. XVIII.

FEELING.

LASTLY, *The feeling pow'r*, which is life's root,
Thro' ev'ry living part itſelf doth ſhed
By *ſinews*, which extend from head to foot;
And like a net, all o'er the Body ſpread.

Much

Much like a ſubtle ſpider, * which doth ſit
In middle of her web, which ſpreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmoſt *thread* of it,
She *feels* it inſtantly on ev'ry ſide.

By *touch*, the firſt pure qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things, *hot*, *cold*, *moiſt* and *dry*:
By *touch*, *hard*, *ſoft*, *rough*, *ſmooth*, we do diſcern:
By *touch*, *ſweet pleaſure*, and *ſharp pain* we try.

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* "The ſpider's touch how exquiſitely fine,
"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

POPE's Eſſay on Man.

SECT.

SECT. XIX.

Of the IMAGINATION, *or Common Senſe.*

THESE are the outward inſtruments of *Senſe*;
Theſe are the *guards* which ev'ry thing muſt paſs,
Ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
Or touch the fantaſy, *wit's looking-glaſs*.

And yet theſe porters, which all things admit,
Themſelves perceive not, nor diſcern the things:
One *common* pow'r doth in the *forehead* ſit,
Which all their proper *forms* together brings.

For all thoſe *nervus*, which *ſpirits of Senſe* do bear,
And to thoſe outward *organs* ſpreading go,
United are, as in a *centre*, there;
And there this *pow'r* thoſe ſundry *forms* doth know.

Thoſe outward organs preſent things receive,
This inward *Senſe* doth abſent things retain;
Yet ſtrait tranſmits all forms ſhe doth perceive,
Unto an higher region of the *brain*.

SECT.

SECT. XX.

FANTASY.

WHERE *Fantaſy*, near *hand-maid* to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth diſcern them all;
Compounds in one, things diff'rent in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great and ſmall.

Beſides, thoſe ſingle forms ſhe doth eſteem,
And in her balance doth their values try;
Where ſome things good, and ſome things ill do ſeem,
And neutral ſome, in her *fantaſtick eye*,

This buſy pow'r is working day and night;
For when the outward *ſenſes* reſt do take,
A thouſand dreams, fantaſtical and light,
With flutt'ring wings, do keep her ſtill awake.

SECT. XXI.

SENSITIVE MEMORY.

YET always all may not afore her be;
Succeſſively ſhe this and that intends;
Therefore ſuch forms as ſhe doth ceaſe to ſee,
To *Memory*'s large volume ſhe commends.

This *ledger-book* lies in the brain behind,
Like *Janus*' eye, which in his poll was ſet:
The *layman's tables, ſtorehouſe of the mind*;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here *ſenſe's apprehenſion* end doth take;
As when a ſtone is into water caſt,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the laſt circle touch the bank at laſt.

SECT. XXII.

The Paſſion of the SENSE.

BUT tho' the *apprehenſive pow'r* do pauſe,
The *motive* virtue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth *Paſſions* cauſe,
Joy, *grief*, and *fear*, and *hope*, and *hate*, and *love*.

Theſe Paſſions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true *reaſon*'s light,
Do from the *paſſion* of the *Senſe* proceed.

But ſince the *brain* doth lodge the pow'rs of *Senſe*,
How makes it in the *heart* thoſe paſſions ſpring?
The mutual love, the kind *intelligence*
'Twixt *heart* and *brain*, this *ſympathy* doth bring.

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
The *ſpirits* of life do their beginning take;
Theſe *ſpirits* of life aſcending to the brain,
When they come there, the *ſpirits* of *Senſe* do make.

These *spirits* of *Sense*, in fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of *objects*, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill report
Down to the *heart*, where all *affections* dwell.

If the report be *good*, it causeth *love*,
And longing *hope*, and well assured *joy*:
If it be *ill*, then doth it *hatred* move,
And trembling *fear*, and vexing *griefs* annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,
(For they which want them, *blocks* or *devils* be)
If *reason* in her first perfection stood,
That she might *nature*'s passions rectify.

SECT. XXIII.

Local Motion.

BESIDES, another *motive*-power doth arise
Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring
The *vital spirits*; which born in *arteries*,
Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulſes beat, and lungs reſpire:
This holds the ſinews like a bridle's reins;
And makes the Body to advance, retire,
To turn, or ſtop, as ſhe them ſlacks, or ſtrains.

Thus the *Soul* tunes the *Body*'s inſtruments,
Theſe harmonies ſhe makes with *life* and *ſenſe*;
The organs fit are by the Body lent,
But th' *actions* flow from the *Soul*'s influence.

SECT. XXIV.

The intellectual Powers of the SOUL.

BUT now I have a *will*, yet want a *wit*,
T' expreſs the working of the *wit* and *will*;
Which, though their *root* be to the body knit,
Uſe not the body, when they uſe their *ſkill*.

Theſe pow'rs the nature of the *Soul declare*,
For to man's *Soul* theſe only proper be;
For on the earth no other wights there are
That have theſe heav'nly powers, but only we.

SECT.

SECT. XXV.

Wit, Reaſon, Underſtanding, Opinion, Judgment, Wiſdom.

THE *Wit*, the pupil of the *Soul*'s clear eye,
And in man's world, the only ſhining *ſtar*,
Looks in the *mirror* of the *fantaſy*,
Where all the *gath'rings* of the *ſenſes* are.

From thence this *pow'r* the *ſhapes* of things abſtracts,
And them within her *paſſive part* receives,
Which are enlightned by that part which acts;
And ſo the *forms* of ſingle things perceives.

But after, by diſcourſing to and fro,
Anticipating, and comparing things,
She doth all *univerſal* natures know,
And all *effects* into their *cauſes* bring.

When ſhe *rates* things, and moves from ground to ground,
The name of *Reaſon* ſhe obtains by this:
But when by *Reaſon* ſhe the truth hath found,
And *ſtandeth fixed*; ſhe *Underſtanding* is.

When her aſſent ſhe *lightly* doth incline
To either part, ſhe his *opinion's light*:
But when ſhe doth by principles define
A certain *truth*, ſhe hath *true Judgment's* ſight.

And as from *ſenſes*, *Reaſon's* work doth ſpring,
So many *Reaſons Underſtanding* gain;
And many *Underſtandings*, *knowledge* bring,
And by much *knowledge*, *Wiſdom* we obtain.

So, many ſtairs we muſt aſcend upright,
Ere we attain to *Wiſdom's* high degree:
So doth this earth eclipſe our Reaſon's light,
Which elſe (in inſtants) would like angels ſee.

SECT. XXVI.

Innate Ideas in the SOUL.

YET hath the *Soul* a dowry natural,
And *ſparks of light*, ſome common things to ſee;
Not being a blank where naught is writ at all,
But what the writer will, may written be.

For

For nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Preſcribing *truth* to *wit*, and *good* to *will*;
Which do *accuſe*, or elſe *excuſe* all men,
For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill:

And yet theſe ſparks grow almoſt infinite,
Making the world, and all therein, their food;
As fire ſo ſpreads, as no place holdeth it,
Being nouriſh'd ſtill with new *ſupplies* of wood.

And tho' theſe ſparks were almoſt quench'd with *ſin*,
Yet they whom that *juſt One* hath juſtify'd,
Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within;
And like the *widow's oil*, ſtill *multiply'd*.

SECT. XXVII.

The Power of WILL, *and Relation between the* WIT *and* WILL.

AND as this *Wit* ſhould *goodneſs* truly know,
We have a *Will*, which that true good ſhould chuſe,
Tho' *Will* do oft (when *Wit* falſe forms doth ſhow)
Take *ill* for *good*, and *good* for *ill* refuſe.

Will puts in practice what the *Wit* deviſeth:
Will ever acts, and *Wit* contemplates ſtill:
And as from *Wit*, the pow'r of *wiſdom* riſeth,
All other virtues daughters are of *Will*.

Will is the *prince*, and *Wit* the *counſellor*,
Which doth for *common good* in council ſit;
And when *Wit* is reſolv'd, *Will* lends her pow'r
To execute what is adviſ'd by *Wit*.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
Of *fancy*'s court the judgments falſe and vain:
Will holds the royal ſcepter in the *Soul*,
And on the *paſſions* of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any *emperor*,
Naught can reſtrain her *gentle* liberty:
No tyrant, nor no torment hath the pow'r
To make us *will*, when we unwilling be.

SECT.

SECT. XXVIII.

The Intellectual Memory.

TO theſe high pow'rs a *ſtore-houſe* doth pertain,
Where they all arts, and *gen'ral* reaſons lay;
Which in the *Soul*, e'en after *death*, remain,
And no *Lethean* flood can waſh away.

SECT. XXIX.

The Dependency of the SOUL's *Faculties upon each other.*

THIS is the *Soul*, and theſe her *virtues* be;
Which, though they have their ſundry proper ends,
And one exceeds another in *degree*,
Yet each *on other* mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n *Almighty God* to *know*;
Our *will* is giv'n to *love* him, being *known*:
But God could not be *known* to us below,
But by his *works*, which thro' the ſenſe are ſhown.

And

And as the *wit* doth reap the fruits of *ſenſe*,
So doth the *quick'ning* pow'r the *ſenſes feed*:
Thus while they do their ſundry gifts diſpenſe,
"The beſt the ſervice of the leaſt doth need."

Ev'n ſo the king his magiſtrates do ſerve,
Yet commons feed both magiſtrates and king:
The common's peace the magiſtrates preſerve,
By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth ſpring.

The *quick'ning power* would *be*, and ſo would reſt;
The *ſenſe* would not *be* only, but *be well*:
But *wit*'s ambition longeth to the beſt,
For it deſires in *endleſs* bliſs to dwell.

And theſe three pow'rs three ſorts of men do make;
For ſome, like plants, their veins do only fill;
And ſome, like beaſts, their ſenſes pleaſure take;
And ſome, like angels, do contemplate ſtill.

Therefore the fables turn'd ſome men to flow'rs,
And others did with brutiſh forms inveſt;
And did of others make celeſtial pow'rs,
Like angels, which ſtill travel, yet ſtill reſt.

Yet

Yet theſe three pow'rs are not three *Souls*, but one;
As one and two are both contain'd in *three*;
Three being one number by itſelf alone,
A ſhadow of the bleſſed Trinity.

Oh! *what* is man (great Maker of mankind!)
That thou to him ſo great reſpect doſt bear!
That thou adorn'ſt him with ſo bright a mind,
Mak'ſt him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What ſpreading virtue, what a ſparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Doſt thou within this dying fleſh inſpire!

Thou leav'ſt thy print in other works of thine;
But thy whole image thou in man haſt writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it ſhould be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd *man*, ſince *God* a *man* became:
The angels do admire this *Myſtery*,
And are aſtoniſh'd when they view the ſame.

Nor

Nor hath he giv'n theſe bleſſings for a day,
Nor made them on the Body's life depend:
The *Soul*, tho' made in time, *ſurvives for ay*;
And tho' it hath beginning, ſees no end.

SECT. XXX.

That the SOUL *is immortal, proved by ſeveral Reaſons.*

HER only *end*, is *never-ending* bliſs;
Which is, *the eternal face of God to ſee*;
Who, *laſt of ends*, and *firſt of cauſes is*:
And to do this, ſhe muſt *eternal* be.

How ſenſeleſs then, and dead a *Soul* hath he,
Which *thinks* his *Soul* doth with his Body die:
Or *thinks* not ſo, but ſo would have it be,
That he might ſin with more ſecurity?

For tho' theſe light and vicious perſons ſay,
Our *Soul* is but a ſmoak, or airy blaſt,
Which, during life, doth in our noſtrils play;
And when we die, doth turn to wind at laſt:

Although

Although they ſay, *come let us eat and drink*;
Our life is but a ſpark, which quickly dies:
Though thus they *ſay*, they know not what to *think*;
But in their minds ten thouſand doubts ariſe.

Therefore no hereticks deſire to ſpread
Their light opinions, like theſe *epicures*;
For ſo their ſtagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's aſſent their doubt aſſures.

Yet tho' theſe men againſt their conſcience ſtrive,
There are ſome ſparkles in their flinty breaſts,
Which cannot be extinct, but ſtill revive;
That tho' they would, they cannot quite be *beaſts*.

But whoſo makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himſelf therein,
His *Soul*'s eternity ſhall clearly find,
Tho' th' other beauties be defac'd with ſin.

Reason I.

Drawn from the deſire of Knowledge.

Firſt, in man's mind we find an appetite
To *learn* and *know the Truth* of ev'ry thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the *eſſence* of the *Soul* doth ſpring.

With this *deſire*, ſhe hath a native *might*
To find out ev'ry truth, if ſhe had time;
Th' innumerable effects to ſort aright,
And by degrees, from cauſe to cauſe to climb.

But ſince our life ſo faſt away doth ſlide,
As doth a hungry eagle thro' the wind;
Or as a ſhip tranſported with the tide,
Which in their paſſage leave no print behind;

Of which ſwift little time ſo much we ſpend,
While ſome few things we thro' the ſenſe do ſtrain,
That our ſhort race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of ſkill attain.

Or God

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)
In vain this *appetite* and *pow'r* hath giv'n;
Or elſe our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter muſt be perfected in heav'n.

God never gave a *pow'r* to one whole kind,
But moſt part of that kind did uſe the ſame:
Moſt eyes have perfect ſight, though ſome be blind;
Moſt legs can nimbly run, tho' ſome be lame.

But in this life no *Soul* the truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
If then perfection be not found below,
An higher place muſt make her mount thereto.

REASON II.

Drawn from the Motion of the Soul.

Again, how can ſhe but immortal be,
When with the motions of both *will* and *wit*,
She ſtill aſpireth to eternity,
And never reſts, till ſhe attain to it?

Water in conduit-pipes, can riſe no higher
Than the well-head, from whence it firſt doth ſpring:
Then ſince to eternal *God* ſhe doth aſpire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move,
"Of the ſame kind which ſhews their nature ſuch:"
So *earth* falls down, and *fire* doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moiſture, which the thirſty earth
Sucks from the ſea, to fill her empty veins,*
From out her womb at laſt doth take a birth,
And runs a *lymph* along the graſſy plains:

Long doth ſhe ſtay, as loth to leave the land,
From whoſe ſoft ſide ſhe firſt did iſſue make:
She taſtes all places, turns to ev'ry hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forſake:

---

* The Soul compared to a river.

Yet

Yet *nature* ſo her ſtreams doth lead and carry,
As that her courſe doth make no final ſtay,
Till ſhe herſelf unto the *ocean* marry,
Within whoſe watry boſom firſt ſhe lay.

E'en ſo the *Soul*, which in this earthly mould
The Spirit of God doth ſecretly infuſe,
Becauſe at firſt ſhe doth the earth behold,
And only this material world ſhe views:

At firſt her *mother-earth* ſhe holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies cloſe by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celeſtial wings:

Yet under heav'n ſhe cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly *nature* doth agree;
She cannot reſt, ſhe cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in *honour*, *wealth*,
Or *pleaſure of the ſenſe*, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wiſh, when he had *health*?
Or having *wiſdom*, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a *bee* which among weeds doth fall,
Which ſeem ſweet flow'rs, with luſtre freſh and gay;
She lights on that, and this, and taſteth all;
But pleas'd with none, doth riſe, and ſoar away:

So, when the *Soul* finds here no true content,
And, like *Noah*'s dove, can no ſure footing take,
She doth return from whence ſhe firſt was ſent,
And flies to *him* that firſt her wings did make.

Wit, ſeeking *truth*, from cauſe to cauſe aſcends,
And never reſts, till it the *firſt* attain:
Will, ſeeking *good*, finds many middle ends;
But never ſtays, till it the *laſt* do gain.

Now *God* the *Truth*, and *Firſt of Cauſes is*;
God is the *laſt good end*, which laſteth ſtill;
Being *Alpha* and *Omega* nam'd for this;
Alpha to *Wit*, *Omega* to the *Will*.

Since then her heav'nly kind ſhe doth diſplay,
In that to *God* ſhe doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her ſtay,
She cannot be from hence, but from *above*.

And

And yet this *firſt true cauſe*, and *laſt good end*,
She cannot here ſo *well*, and *truly* ſee;
For this perfection ſhe muſt yet attend,
Till to her *Maker* ſhe eſpouſed be.

As a *king*'s daughter, being in perſon ſought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a conſtant thought,
Though ſhe to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet ſhe can love a foreign *emperor*,
Whom of great worth and pow'r ſhe hears to be,
If ſhe be woo'd but by *ambaſſador*,
Or but his *letters*, or his *pictures* ſee:

For well ſhe knows, that when ſhe ſhall be brought
Into the *kingdom* where her *ſpouſe* doth reign;
Her eyes ſhall ſee what ſhe conceiv'd in thought,
Himſelf, his ſtate, his glory, and his train.

So while the *virgin-ſoul* on *earth* doth ſtay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thouſand ways,
By theſe great pow'rs, which on the *earth* bear ſway;
The *wiſdom of the world*, *wealth*, *pleaſure*, *praiſe*:

With theſe ſometimes ſhe doth her time beguile,
  Theſe do by fits her fantaſy poſſeſs;
But ſhe diſtaſtes them all within awhile,
  And in the ſweeteſt finds a tediouſneſs.

But if upon the world's Almighty King
  She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his *picture* drawn in ev'ry thing,
  And *ſacred meſſages*, her *love* hath ſought;

Of him ſhe thinks ſhe cannot think too much;
  This honey taſted ſtill, is ever ſweet;
The pleaſure of her raviſh'd thought is ſuch,
  As almoſt here ſhe with her bliſs doth meet:

But when in heav'n ſhe ſhall his *eſſence* ſee,
  This is her *ſov'reign good*, and *perfect bliſs*;
Her longing, wiſhings, hopes, all finiſh'd be;
  Her joys are full, her motions reſt in this:

There is ſhe crown'd with garlands of *content*;
  There doth ſhe manna eat, and nectar drink:
That preſence doth ſuch high delights preſent,
  As never tongue could ſpeak, nor heart could think.

REASON III.

From Contempt of Death in the better Sort of Spirits.

For this, the better *Souls* do oft deſpiſe
The Body's death, and do it oft deſire;
For when on ground, the burthen'd balance lies,
The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the Body's death the *Soul* ſhould kill,
Then death muſt needs *againſt her nature* be;
And were it ſo, all *Souls* would fly it ſtill,
For nature hates and ſhuns her contrary.

For all things elſe, which nature makes to be,
Their *being* to preſerve, are chiefly taught;
And tho' ſome things deſire a change to ſee,
Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the *Soul* were quenched quite,
She could not thus againſt her nature run;
Since ev'ry ſenſeleſs thing, by nature's light,
Doth preſervation ſeek, deſtruction ſhun.

Nor could the world's beſt ſpirits ſo much err,
If death took all, that they ſhould all agree,
Before this life, their *honour* to prefer:
For what is praiſe to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the Body's prop ſhe ſtand;
If on the Body's life, her life depend,
As *Meleager*'s on the fatal brand,
The Body's good ſhe only would intend:

We ſhould not find her half ſo brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the ſeas,
To make it ſuffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, reſt with eaſe.

Doubtleſs, all *Souls* have a ſurviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of *being turn'd to naught*,
A trembling horror in our *Souls* we find.

Reason IV.

From the Fear of Death in the wicked Souls.

And as the better ſpirit, when ſhe doth bear
A ſcorn of death, doth ſhew ſhe cannot die;
So when the wicked *Soul* death's face doth fear,
E'en then ſhe proves her own eternity.

For when death's form appears, ſhe feareth not
An utter quenching or extinguiſhment;
She would be glad to meet with ſuch a lot,
That ſo ſhe might all future ill prevent:

But ſhe doth doubt what after may befall;
For nature's law accuſeth her within,
And ſaith, 'tis true what is affirm'd by all,
That after death there is a pain for ſin.

Then ſhe who hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,
Doth firſt herſelf within death's mirror ſee;
And when her Body doth return to earth,
She firſt takes care, how ſhe alone ſhall be.

Who ever ſees theſe irreligious men,
With burthen of a ſickneſs weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their *Souls* to ev'ry ſaint?

When was there ever curſed *atheiſt* brought
Unto the *gibbet*, but he did adore
That bleſſed pow'r, which he had ſet at naught,
Scorn'd and blaſphemed all his life before?

Theſe light vain perſons ſtill are drunk and mad,
With ſurfeitings and pleaſures of their youth;
But at their death they are freſh, ſober, ſad;
Then they diſcern, and then they ſpeak the truth.

If then all *Souls*, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral voice, that *Souls* can never die;
'Tis not man's flatt'ring gloſs, but *nature's ſpeech*,
Which, like *God*'s oracles, can never lie.

REASON V.

From the general Deſire of Immortality.

Hence ſprings that univerſal ſtrong deſire,
Which all men have of immortality:
Not ſome few ſpirits unto this thought aſpire,
But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this deſire of nature is not vain,
" She covets not impoſſibilities;
" Fond thoughts may fall into ſome idle brain,
" But one *aſſent* of all, is ever wiſe."

From hence that gen'ral care and ſtudy ſprings,
That *launching*, and *progreſſion of the mind*,
Which all men have ſo much of future things,
That they no joy do in the preſent find.

From this deſire, that main deſire proceeds,
Which all men have ſurviving fame to gain,
By *tombs*, by *books*, by memorable *deeds*;
For ſhe that this deſires, doth ſtill remain.

Hence, laſtly, ſprings care of poſterities,
For things their kind would everlaſting make:
Hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age ſhall take.

If we theſe rules unto ourſelves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All theſe true notes of immortality
In our *heart's tables* we ſhall written find.

REASON VI.

From the very Doubt and Diſputation of Immortality.

And tho' ſome impious wits do queſtions move,
And doubt if *Souls* immortal be, or no;
That *doubt* their immortality doth prove,
Becauſe they ſeem immortal things to know.

For he who reaſons on both parts doth bring,
Doth ſome things mortal, ſome immortal call;
Now, if himſelf were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
And as thoſe glaſſes which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For *thoughts* or *minds* in them we cannot ſee:

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of *truth*, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beaſts conceiv'd what reaſon were,
And that conception ſhould diſtinctly ſhow,
They ſhould the name of *reaſonable* bear;
For without *reaſon*, none could *reaſon* know:

So when the *Soul* mounts with ſo high a wing,
As of eternal things ſhe doubts can move;
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when ſhe ſtrives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the *thought* of immortality,
Being an act done without the Body's aid,
Shews, that herſelf alone could move and be,
Although the Body in the grave were laid.

SECT.

SECT. XXXI.

That the SOUL *cannot be deſtroyed.*

AND if herſelf ſhe can ſo lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then muſt her motion everlaſting prove,
"Becauſe herſelf ſhe never can forſake."

But tho' corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cauſe * that from itſelf may ſpring,
Some outward cauſe fate hath perhaps deſign'd,
Which to the *Soul* may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her cauſe may ceaſe, † and ſhe may die:
God is her *cauſe*, his *word* her maker was;
Which ſhall ſtand fix'd for all eternity,
When heav'n and earth ſhall like a ſhadow paſs.

---

* Her cauſe ceaſeth not. † She hath no contrary.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome thing repugnant to her kind,
By ſtrong *antipathy*, the *Soul* may kill:
But what can be *contrary* to the mind,
Which holds all *contraries* in concord ſtill?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moiſt, and dry,
And life and death, and peace, and war together;
Ten thouſand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth, or diſturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the *Soul* may pine;*
But that were ſtrange, ſince all things *bad* and *good*;
Since all God's creatures, *mortal* and *divine*;
Since *God himſelf* is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And ſo are ſubject to mortality:
But *truth*, which is eternal, feeds the mind;
The *tree of life*, which will not let her die.

* She cannot die for want of food.

Yet violence, perhaps the *Soul* deſtroys,*
As lightning, or the *ſun-beams* dim the ſight;
Or as a thunder clap, or cannon's noiſe,
The pow'r of hearing doth aſtoniſh quite:

But high perfection to the *Soul* it brings,
T' encounter things moſt excellent and high;
For, when ſhe views the beſt and greateſt things
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Beſides, as *Homer's gods*, 'gainſt armies ſtand,
Her ſubtle form can thro' all dangers ſlide:
Bodies are captive, *minds* endure no band;
"And will is free, and can no force abide."

But laſtly, *time* perhaps at laſt hath pow'r §
To ſpend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light;
But old god *Saturn*, which doth all devour,
Doth cheriſh her, and ſtill augment her might.

---

* Violence cannot deſtroy her.
§ Time cannot deſtroy her.

Heav'n

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the *ſpheres* above
Shall one day faint, and their ſwift motion ſtay;
And *time* itſelf, in time ſhall ceaſe to move;
Only the Soul ſurvives, and lives for ay.

" Our Bodies, ev'ry footſtep that they make,
" March towards death, until at laſt they die:
" Whether we work or play, or ſleep or wake,
" Our life doth paſs, and with *time*'s wings doth
" fly:"

But to the *Soul*, time doth perfection give,
And adds freſh luſtre to her beauty ſtill;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more ſhe lives, the more ſhe feeds on *truth*;
The more ſhe feeds, her *ſtrength* doth more increaſe:
And what is *ſtrength*, but an effect of *youth*,
Which if *time* nurſe, how can it ever ceaſe?

SECT. XXXII.

Objections againſt the IMMORTALITY *of the* SOUL, *with their reſpective anſwers.*

BUT now theſe *Epicures* begin to ſmile,
And ſay, my doctrine is more ſafe than true;
And that I fondly do myſelf beguile,
While theſe receiv'd opinions I enſue.

OBJECTION I.

For, what, ſay they? doth not the *Soul* wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow ſottiſh, dull and cold,
Which were in youth the only ſpirits of note?

What? are not *Souls* within themſelves corrupted?
How can there ideots then by nature be?
How is it that ſome wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly ſee?

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

Theſe queſtions make a ſubtil argument,
To ſuch as think both *ſenſe* and *reaſon* one;
To whom nor agent, from the inſtrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can ſhew no ſkill,
But when ſhe things in *ſenſe's glaſs* doth view,
Do know, if accident this glaſs do ſpill,
It *nothing ſees*, or *ſees the falſe for true.*

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward ſenſe of fantaſy ſhould ſit,
And th' outward ſenſes, gath'rings ſhould retain;
By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at firſt uncapable it is,
And ſo few things, or none at all receives;
Or mar'd by accident, which haps amiſs:
And ſo amiſs it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that uſeth *ſpies*,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertiſement of lies,
The prince's counſels all awry do go:

Ev'n ſo the *Soul* to ſuch a body knit,
Whoſe inward ſenſes undiſpoſed be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing ſee.

This makes the idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to *know* the truth, and *chuſe* the good;
If ſhe ſuch figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper ſtood.

But if a *phrenſy* do poſſeſs the brain,
It ſo diſturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantaſy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond concluſions on thoſe idle grounds:
Then doth it fly the good, and ill purſue;
Believing all that this falſe *ſpy* propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appeaſe,
Which this diſtemper in the fanſy wrought;
Then ſhall the *wit*, which never had diſeaſe,
Diſcourſe, and judge diſcreetly, as it ought.

So,

So, though the clouds eclipſe the *ſun*'s fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of ſight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled ſtream.

Then theſe defects in *ſenſe*'s organs be,
Not in the *Soul*, or in her working might:
She cannot loſe her perfect pow'r to ſee,
Though miſts and clouds do choak her window light.

Theſe imperfections then we muſt impute,
Not to the agent, but the inſtrument:
We muſt not blame *Apollo*, but his lute,
If falſe accords from her falſe ſtrings be ſent.

The *Soul* in all hath one intelligence;
Tho' too much moiſture in an infant's brain,
And too much dryneſs in an old man's ſenſe,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the *Soul* want work, and idle ſit,
And this we *childiſhneſs* and *dotage* call;
Yet hath ſhe then a quick and active wit,
If ſhe had ſtuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair;
Give but the aged man, the young man's ſenſe;
Let but *Medea*, *Æſon*'s youth repair,
And ſtraight ſhe ſhews her wonted excellence.

As a good harper ſtricken far in years,
Into whoſe cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if *Apollo* takes his gout away,
That he his nimble fingers may apply;
Apollo's ſelf will envy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minſtrelſy.

Then *dotage* is no weakneſs of the mind,
But of the *Senſe*; for if the mind did waſte,
In all old men we ſhould this waſting find,
When they ſome certain term of years had paſs'd;

But moſt of them, e'en to their dying hour,
Retain a mind more lively, quick and ſtrong;
And better uſe their underſtanding pow'r,
Than when their brains were warm, and limbs were young.

For,

For, tho' the Body waſted be and weak,
And tho' the leaden form of earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half dead Body ſpeak,
We oft are raviſh'd to the heav'nly *ſpheres*.

OBJECTION II.

Yet ſay theſe men, if all her organs die,
Then hath the *Soul* no pow'r her pow'rs to uſe:
So, in a ſort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto *act* ſhe cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is ſhe?
For ſince from ev'ry thing ſome *pow'rs* do ſpring;
And from thoſe pow'rs, ſome *acts* proceeding be;
Then kill both *pow'r* and *act*, and kill the thing.

ANSWER.

Doubtleſs, the Body's death, when once it dies,
The inſtruments of ſenſe and life doth kill;
So that ſhe cannot uſe thoſe faculties,
Altho' their root reſt in her ſubſtance ſtill.

But (as the Body living) *wit* and *will*
Can *judge* and *chuſe*, without the Body's aid;
Though on ſuch objects they are working ſtill,
As thro' the Body's organs are convey'd:

So, when the Body ſerves her turn no more,
And all her *ſenſes* are extinct and gone,
She can diſcourſe of what ſhe learn'd before,
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horſemanſhip, and learning's ſkill,
Though both his lute and horſe we take away,
Doth he not keep his former learning ſtill?

He keeps it doubtleſs, and can uſe it too;
And doth both t'other *ſkills* in pow'r retain;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horſe he meet again.

So tho' the inſtruments, (by which we live,
And view the world) the Body's death do kill;
Yet with the Body they ſhall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

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OBJECTION III.

But how, till then, ſhall ſhe herſelf employ?
Her ſpies are dead, which brought home news before:
What ſhe hath got, and keeps, ſhe may enjoy,
But ſhe hath means to underſtand no more.

Then what do thoſe poor *Souls*, which nothing get?
Or what do thoſe which get, and cannot keep?
Like bucklers bottomleſs, which all out-let;
Thoſe *Souls*, for want of exerciſe, muſt ſleep.

ANSWER.

See how man's *Soul* againſt itſelf doth ſtrive:
Why ſhould we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel: here they feed not ſo.

Theſe children, if they had ſome uſe of *ſenſe*,
And ſhould by chance their mother's talking hear,
That in ſhort time they ſhall come forth from thence,
Would fear their birth, more than our death we fear.

They

They would cry out, if we this place ſhall leave,
Then ſhall we break our tender navel ſtrings:
How ſhall we then our nouriſhment receive,
Since our ſweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man ſhould to theſe babes reply,
That into this fair world they ſhall be brought,
Where they ſhall view the earth, the ſea, the ſky,
The glorious ſun, and all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thouſand dainties they ſhall meet,
Which by their mouths they ſhall with pleaſure take;
Which ſhall be cordial too, as well as ſweet;
And of their little limbs, tall Bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we
Do think the *ſtory* of the *golden age*;
Or as ſome ſenſual ſpirits 'mongſt us be,
Which hold the *world to come, a feigned ſtage*:

Yet ſhall theſe infants after find all true,
Tho' then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As ſoon as they are born, the world they view,
And with their mouths, the nurſes milk receive.

So when the *Soul* is born (for death is naught
But the *Soul*'s birth, and ſo we ſhould it call)
Ten thouſand things ſhe ſees beyond her thought;
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth ſhe ſee by ſpectacles no more,
She hears not by report of double ſpies;
Herſelf in inſtants doth all things explore;
For each thing's preſent, and before her lies.

OBJECTION IV.

But ſtill this crew with queſtions me purſues:
If *Souls* deceas'd (ſay they) ſtill living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us news
Of that ſtrange world, where they ſuch wonders ſee?

ANSWER.

Fond men! if we believe that men do live
Under the *zenith* of both frozen *poles*,
Tho' none come thence, advertiſement to give,
Why bear we not the like faith of our *Souls*?

The

The *Soul* hath here on earth no more to do,
Than we have buſineſs in our mother's womb:
What child doth covet to return thereto,
Although all children firſt from thence do come?

But as *Noah*'s pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did ſhew, ſhe footing found, for all the flood;
So when good *Souls*, departed thro' death's door,
Come not again it ſhews their dwelling good.

And doubtleſs, ſuch a *Soul* as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's face,
Holds this vile world in ſuch a baſe account,
As ſhe looks down and ſcorns this wretched place.

But ſuch as are detruded down to hell,
Either for ſhame, they ſtill themſelves retire;
Or ty'd in chains, they in cloſe priſon dwell,
And cannot come, although they much deſire.

OBJECTION V.

Well, well, ſay theſe vain ſpirits, though vain it is
To think our *Souls* to heav'n or hell do go;
Politick men have thought it not amiſs,
To ſpread this *lie*, to make men virtuous ſo.

ANSWER.

Do you then think this *moral virtue* good?
I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
For commonwealths by *virtue* ever ſtood,
And common good the private doth contain.

If then this *virtue* you do love ſo well,
Have you no means, her practice to maintain;
But you this *lie* muſt to the people tell,
That good *Souls* live in joy, and ill in pain?

Muſt *virtue* be preſerved by a *lie?*
Virtue and *truth* do ever beſt agree;
By this it ſeems to be a verity,
Since the effects ſo good and virtuous be.

For, as the devil the father is of lies,
So vice and miſchief do his lies enſue:
Then this good doctrine did not he deviſe;
But made this *lie*, which ſaith, it is not true.

For, *how* can that be falſe, which ev'ry tongue
Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
Which truth hath in all ages been ſo ſtrong,
As, load-ſtone like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the *Chriſtian*, or the *Jew* alone,
The *Perſian*, or the *Turk*, acknowledge this;
This myſtery to the wild *Indian* known,
And to the *Canibal* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Aſſyrian* drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the *North*, as in the *Eaſt*:
This doctrine doth not enter by the *ear*,
But of itſelf is native in the breaſt.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
Their *Soul*'s eternity did ever doubt;
For all *religion* taketh root from hence,
Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For ſince the world for man created was,
(For only man the uſe thereof doth know)
If man do periſh like a wither'd graſs,
How doth God's wiſdom order things below?

And if that wiſdom ſtill wiſe ends propound,
Why made he man, of other creatures, king;
When (if he periſh here) there is not found
In all the world ſo poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
Since for our ſervice all things elſe were wrought;
That *dawns*, and *trees*, and *rocks* ſhould laſt ſo long,
When we muſt in an inſtant paſs to naught.

But bleſs'd be that *Great Pow'r*, that hath us bleſs'd
With longer life than heav'n or earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into our mortal breaſt
Immortal pow'rs not ſubject to the grave.

For though the Soul do ſeem her grave to bear,
And in this world is almoſt bury'd quick,
We have no cauſe the Body's death to fear;
For when the ſhell is broke, out comes a chick.

SECT. XXXIII.

Three Kinds of Life answerable to the three Powers of the SOUL.

FOR as the *Soul's essential pow'rs* are three;
The *quick'ning pow'r*, the *pow'r of sense* and *reason*;
Three kinds of life to her designed be,
Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due season.

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where she the *nursing pow'r* doth only use;
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
Sh' expels her Body, and this world she views.

This we call *birth*; but if the child could speak,
He *death* would call it; and of nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in his passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
Where all his *senses* in perfection be;
Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,
And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When

When he hath paſs'd ſome time upon the ſtage,
His *reaſon* then a little ſeems to wake;
Which tho' ſhe ſpring when *ſenſe* doth fade with age,
Yet can ſhe here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aſpiring *Soul* the Body leave,
Which we call *death*; but were it known to all,
What *life* our *Souls* do by this *death receive*,
Men would it *birth*, or *gaol-deliv'ry* call.

In this third life, reaſon will be ſo bright,
As that her ſpark will like the *ſun-beams* ſhine,
And ſhall of God enjoy the real ſight,
Being ſtill increas'd by influence divine.

SECT. XXXVI.

The Conclusion.

O *Ignorant* poor man! what doſt thou bear?
Lock'd up within the caſket of thy breaſt?
What jewels, and what riches haſt thou there?
What heav'nly treaſure in ſo weak a cheſt?

Look

Look in thy *Soul*, and thou ſhalt *beauties* find,
Like thoſe which drown'd *Narciſſus* in the flood:
Honour and *pleaſure* both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted *good*.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind ſhould worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her diſhonour with thy paſſion baſe.

Kill not her *quick'ning pow'r* with ſurfeitings:
Mar not her *ſenſe* with ſenſuality:
Caſt not her wit on idle things:
Make not her *free will* ſlave to vanity.

And when thou think'ſt of her *eternity*,
Think not that *death* againſt her nature is;
Think it a *birth*: and when thou go'ſt to die,
Sing like a ſwan, as if thou went'ſt to bliſs.

And if thou, like a child, didſt fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didſt nothing ſee;
Now I have brought thee *torch-light*, fear no more;
Now when thou dy'ſt, thou canſt not hood-wink'd be.

And thou my *Soul*, which turn'ſt with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canſt know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this fleſh of mine.

Take heed of *over-weening*, and compare
Thy *peacock*'s feet with thy gay *peacock*'s train:
Study the beſt and higheſt things that are,
But of thyſelf an humble thought retain.

Caſt down thyſelf, and only ſtrive to raiſe
The glory of thy Maker's ſacred name:
Uſe all thy pow'rs, that bleſſed pow'r to praiſe,
Which gives thee pow'r to *be*, and *uſe the ſame*.

HYMNS

OF

ASTREA.

IN

ACROSTICK VERSE.

HYMNS

OF

ASTREA,

IN

ACROSTICK VERSE.

THE Beauties of theſe Acroſticks make ſome Amends for the innumerable Two-lines of other Writers in this Kind, who are with great Juſtice ridiculed and condemned by Mr. DRYDEN, *in his* Mac Fleckno; *and Mr.* ADDISON, *in his* Eſſay on Wit, *in the Firſt Volume of the Spectators.*

HYMN

HYMN I.

Of Aſtrea.

EARLY before the day doth ſpring;
L et us awake my Muſe and ſing,
I t is no time to ſlumber,
S o many joys this time doth bring,
A s time will fail to number.

B ut whereunto ſhall we bend our lays?
E 'en up to Heaven, again to raiſe
T he Maid which thence deſcended;
H ath brought again the golden days,
A nd all the world amended.

R udeneſs itſelf ſhe doth refine,
E 'en like an alchymiſt divine,
G roſs times of iron turning
I nto the pureſt form of gold;
N ot to corrupt, till heaven wax old,
A nd be refin'd with burning.

HYMN II.

To Astrea.

ETERNAL Virgin, *Goddess* true,
Let me presume to sing to you.
Jove, e'en great *Jove* hath leisure
Sometimes to hear the vulgar crew,
And hears them oft with pleasure.

Blessed *Astrea*, I in part
Enjoy the blessings you impart,
The *peace*, the milk and honey,
Humanity, and civil *art*,
A richer *dow'r* than money.

Right glad am I that now I live,
E'en in these days whereto you give
Great happiness and glory;
If after you I should be born,
No doubt I should my birth-day scorn,
Admiring your sweet story.

HYMN

HYMN III.

To the Spring.

EARTH now is green, and heaven is blue,
Lively ſpring which makes all new,
Iolly ſpring doth enter;
Sweet young ſun-beams do ſubdue
Angry, aged winter.

Blaſts are mild, and ſeas are calm,
Every meadow flows with balm,
The *earth* wears all her riches;
Harmonious birds ſing ſuch a pſalm,
As ear and heart bewitches.

Reſerve (ſweet ſpring) this nymph of ours,
Eternal garlands of thy flow'rs,
Green garlands never waſting;
In her ſhall laſt our *ſtate*'s fair ſpring,
Now and for ever flouriſhing,
As long as heav'n is laſting.

HYMN IV.

To the Month of May.

EACH day of thine, ſweet month of May,
Love makes a ſolemn holy-day.
I will perform like duty,
Sith thou reſembleſt every way
Aſtrea, queen of beauty.

Both your freſh beauties do partake,
Either's aſpect doth ſummer make,
Thoughts of young love awaking;
Hearts you both do cauſe to ake,
And yet be pleas'd with aching.

Right dear art thou, and ſo is ſhe,
E'en like attracting ſympathy,
Gains unto both like dearneſs;
Ween this made antiquity,
Name thee, Sweet *May of Majeſty*,
As being both like in *clearneſs*.

HYMN

HYMN V.

To the Lark.

EARLY chearful mounting lark,
Lights gentle uſher, morning's clark,
In merry notes delighting:
Stint awhile thy ſong and hark,
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to heav'n it bear,
E'en up to heav'n, and ſing it there,
To heav'n each morning bear it;
Have it ſet to ſome ſweet ſphere,
And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd *Aſtrea*, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath ſo renown'd it,
It is *Aſtrea*'s name I praiſe,
Now then, ſweet lark, do thou it raiſe,
And in high heaven reſound it.

HYMN VI.

To the Nightingale.

EVERY night from even to morn,
Love's chorister amid the thorn
Is now so sweet a singer,
So sweet, as for her song I scorn
Apollo's voice and finger.

But nightingale, sith you delight
Ever to watch the starry night,
Tell all the stars of heaven,
Heaven never had a star so bright,
As now to earth is given.

Royal *Astrea* makes our day
Eternal with her beams, nor may
Gross darkness overcome her;
I now perceive why some do write,
No country hath so short a night,
As England hath in summer.

HYMN VIII.

To the Rose.

EYE, of the garden, queen of flow'rs,
Love's cup wherein lie nectar's pow'rs,
Ingender'd first of nectar;
Sweet nurse-child of the spring's young hours,
And beauty's fair character.

Bleſt jewel that the earth doth wear,
E'en when the brave young ſun draws near,
To her hot love pretending;
Himſelf likewiſe like form doth bear,
At riſing and deſcending.

Roſe of the Queen of Love belov'd;
England's great kings divinely mov'd,
Gave roſes in their banner;
It ſhew'd that beauty's roſe indeed,
Now in this age ſhould them ſucceed,
And reign in more ſweet manner.

HYMN VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

EUROPE, the earth's ſweet paradiſe:
Let all thy kings that would be wiſe,
In *politic devotion*,
Sail hither to obſerve her eyes,
And mark her heavn'ly motion.

Brave princeſs of this civil age,
Enter into this pilgrimage:
This ſaint's tongue's an oracle,
Her eye hath made a prince a page,
And works each day a miracle.

Raiſe but your looks to her, and ſee
E'en the true beams of majeſty,
Great princes, mark her duly;
If all the world you do ſurvey,
No forehead ſpreads ſo bright a ray,
And notes a prince ſo truly.

HYMN IX.

To Flora.

EMPRESS of flow'rs, tell where away
Lies your ſweet court this *May*,
In *Greenwich* garden alleys:
Since there the heav'nly pow'rs do play
And haunt no other valleys.

Beauty, virtue, majeſty,
Eloquent Muſes, three times three,
The new freſh *hours*, and graces,
Have pleaſure in this place to be,
Above all other places.

Roſes and lillies did them draw,
Ere they divine *Aſtrea* ſaw,
Gay flow'rs they ſought for pleaſure:
Inſtead of gath'ring crowns of flow'rs,
Now gather they *Aſtrea*'s dowers,
And bear to heav'n that treaſure.

HYMN

HYMN X.

To the Month of September.

EACH month hath praiſe in ſome degree;
Let May to others ſeem to be
In ſenſe the ſweeteſt ſeaſon;
September thou art beſt to me,
And beſt doth pleaſe my reaſon.

But neither for thy corn nor wine
Extoll I thoſe mild days of thine,
Though corn and wine might praiſe thee,
Heav'n gives thee honour more divine,
And higher fortunes raiſe thee.

Renown'd art thou (ſweet Month) for this,
Emong thy days her birth-day is,
Grace, plenty, peace and *honour*
In one fair hour with her were born,
Now ſince they ſtill her crown adorn,
And ſtill attend upon her.

HYMN XI.

To the Sun.

EYE of the world, fountain of light,
Life of day, and death of night,
I humbly ſeek thy kindneſs;
Sweet, dazzle not my feeble ſight,
And ſtrike me not with blindneſs.

Behold me mildly from that face,
E'en where thou now doſt run thy race,
The ſphere where now thou turneſt;
Having like *Phaeton* chang'd thy place,
And yet hearts only burneſt.

Red in her right cheek thou doſt riſe,
Exalted after in her eyes,
Great glory there thou ſheweſt;
In th' other cheek when thou deſcendeſt,
New redneſs unto it thou lendeſt,
And ſo thy round thou goeſt.

HYMN XII.

To her Picture.

EXTREME was his audacity,
Little his ſkill that finiſh'd thee;
I am aſham'd and ſorry,
So dull her counterfeit ſhould be,
And ſhe ſo full of glory.

But here are colours red and white,
Each line, and each proportion right;
Theſe lines, this red and whiteneſs,
Have wanting yet a life and light,
A majeſty, and brightneſs.

Rude counterfeit, I then did err,
E'en now when I would needs infer
Great boldneſs in thy maker;
I did miſtake, he was not bold,
Nor durſt his eyes her eyes behold,
And this made him miſtake her.

HYMN XIII.

Of her Mind.

EARTH, now adieu, my raviſh'd thought
Lifted to heav'n ſets thee at naught;
Infinite is my longing,
Secrets of angels to be taught,
And things to heav'n belonging.

Brought down from heav'n of angels kind,
Ev'n now I do admire her *mind*,
This is my contemplation,
Her clear *pure ſpirit* which is refin'd,
Above human *creation*.

Rich ſun-beam of th' eternal light,
Excellent *Soul*, how ſhall I write;
Good angels make me able;
I cannot ſee but by your eye,
Nor, but by your tongue, ſignify
A thing ſo admirable.

HYMN XIV.

Of the Sun-beams of her Mind.

EXCEEDING glorious is this ſtar,
L et us behold her beams afar
I n a ſide line reflected;
S ight bears them not, when near they are,
A nd in right lines directed.

B ehold her in her virtue's beams,
E xtending ſun-like to all realms;
T he ſun none views too nearly:
H er well of goodneſs in theſe ſtreams
A ppears right well and clearly.

R adiant virtues, if your light
E nfeeble the beſt judgment's ſight,
G reat ſplendor above meaſure
I s in the *mind*, from whence you flow:
N o wit may have acceſs to know,
A nd view ſo bright a treaſure.

HYMN XV.

Of her Wit.

EYE of that mind moſt quick and clear,
Like heaven's eye which from his ſphere
Into all things prieth,
Sees through all things ev'ry where,
And all their natures trieth.

Bright image of an angel's wit,
Exceeding ſharp and ſwift like it,
Things inſtantly diſcerning;
Having a nature infinite,
And yet increas'd by learning.

Rebound upon thyſelf thy light,
Enjoy thine own ſweet precious ſight
Give us but ſome reflection;
It is enough for us if we,
Now in her ſpeech, now policy,
Admire thine high perfection.

HYMN XVI.

Of her Will.

EVER well affected *will*,
Loving *goodneſs*, loathing *ill*,
Inestimable treaſure!
Since ſuch a power hath power to ſpill,
And ſave us at her pleaſure.

Be thou our law, ſweet *will*, and ſay,
Ev'n what thou wilt, we will obey
This law; if I could read it;
Herein would I ſpend night and day,
And ſtudy ſtill to plead it.

Royal *free-will*, and only *free*,
Each other will is ſlave to thee;
Glad is each *will* to ſerve thee:
In thee ſuch princely pow'rs is ſeen,
No ſpirit but takes thee for her queen,
And thinks ſhe muſt obſerve thee.

HYMN XVII.

Of her Memory.

EXCELLENT jewels would you ſee,
Lovely ladies come with me,
I will (for love I owe you)
Shew you as rich a treaſury,
As Eaſt or Weſt can ſhew you.

Behold, if you can judge of it,
Ev'n that great ſtore-houſe of her wit,
That beautiful large table,
Her *memory*, wherein is writ
All knowledge admirable.

Read this fair book, and you ſhall learn
Exquiſite ſkill, if you diſcern,
Gain heav'n by this diſcerning;
In ſuch a memory divine,
Nature did form the Muſes nine,
And *Pallas* queen of learning.

HYMN XVIII.

Of her Fancy.

EXQUISITE curiosity,
Look on thyself with judging eye,
If aught be faulty, leave it:
So delicate a fantasy
As this, will straight perceive it.

Because her temper is so fine,
Endow'd with harmonies divine;
Therefore if discord strike it,
Her true proportions do repine,
And sadly do mislike it.

Right otherwise a pleasure sweet,
E'er she takes in actions meet,
Gracing with smiles such meetness;
In her fair forehead beams appear,
No summer's day is half so clear,
Adorn'd with half that sweetness.

HYMN XIX.

Of the Organs of her Mind.

ECLIPS'D ſhe is, and her bright rays
L y under veils, yet many ways
I s her fair form revealed;
S he diverſely herſelf conveys,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y inſtruments her pow'rs appear
E xceedingly well tun'd and clear:
T his lute is ſtill in meaſure,
H olds ſtill in tune, e'en like a ſphere,
A nd yields the world ſweet pleaſure.

R eſolve me, Muſe, how this thing is,
E re a body like to this
G ave heav'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make,
N o doubt the angels bodies take,
A bove our common nature.

HYMN XXI.

Of the Paſſions of her Heart.

EXAMINE not *th' inſcrutable heart*;
L ight Muſe of her, though ſhe in part
I mpart it to the ſubject;
S earch not, although from heav'n thou art,
A nd this an heav'nly object.

B ut ſince ſhe hath a heart, we know,
E re ſome paſſions thence do flow,
T hough ever ruled with honour;
H er judgment reigns, they wait below,
A nd fix their eyes upon her.

R ectify'd ſo, they in their kind
E ncreaſe each virtue of her mind,
G overn'd with mild tranquillity;
I n all the regions under heav'n,
N o ſtate doth bear itſelf ſo even,
A nd with ſo ſweet facility.

HYMN XXI.

Of the innumerable Virtues of her Mind.

ERE thou proceed in theſe ſweet pains
Learn Muſe how many drops it rains
In cold and moiſt December;
Sum up May flow'rs, and Auguſt's grains,
And grapes of mild September.

Bear the ſea's ſand in memory,
Earth's graſs, and the ſtars in ſky,
The little moats which mounted,
Hang in the beams of *Phœbus'* eye,
And never can be counted.

Recount theſe numbers numberleſs,
Ere thou her virtue can expreſs,
Great wits this count will cumber.
Inſtruct thyſelf in numb'ring ſchools;
Now courtiers uſe to beg for fools,
All ſuch as cannot number.

HYMN XXII.

Of her Wiſdom.

EAGLE-ey'd wiſdom, life's loadſtar,
L ooking near on things afar;
I ove's beſt belov'd daughter,
S hows to her ſpirit all that are,
A s Jove himſelf hath taught her.

B y this ſtraight rule ſhe reſtifies
E ach thought that in her heart doth riſe;
T his is her clear true mirror,
H er *looking-glaſs*, wherein ſhe ſpies
A ll forms of truth and error.

R ight princely virtue fit to reign,
E nthroniz'd in her ſpirit remain,
G uiding our fortunes ever;
I f we this ſtar once ceaſe to ſee,
N o doubt our ſtate will ſhipwreck'd be,
A nd torn and ſunk for ever.

HYMN XXIII.

Of her Juſtice.

EXIL'D *Aſtrea*'s come again,
Lo here ſhe doth all things maintain
In *number*, *weight*, and *meaſure*:
She rules us with delightful pain,
And we obey with pleaſure.

By *love* ſhe rules more than by *laws*,
E'en her great *mercy* breedeth awe;
This is her ſword and ſcepter;
Herewith ſhe hearts did ever draw,
And this guard ever kept her.

Reward doth ſit in her right-hand,
Each virtue thence takes her garland
Gather'd in honour's garden:
In her left hand (wherein ſhould be
Naught but the ſword) ſits clemency,
And conquers vice with pardon.

HYMN XXIV.

Of her Magnanimity.

EVEN as her ſtate, ſo is her mind,
Lifted above the vulgar kind,
It treads proud Fortune under;
Sun-like it ſits above the wind,
Above the ſtorms and thunder.

Brave ſpirit, large heart, admiring *nought*,
Eſteeming each thing as it ought,
That ſwelleth not, nor ſhrinketh;
Honour is always in her thought,
And of great things ſhe thinketh.

Rocks, pillars, and heaven's axle-tree,
Exemplify her conſtancy;
Great changes never change her:
In her ſex fears are wont to riſe,
Nature permits, virtue denies,
And ſcorns the face of *danger*.

HYMN XXV.

Of her Moderation.

EMPRESS of kingdoms though she be,
Larger is her sov'reignty,
If she herself do govern;
Subject unto herself is she,
And of herself true sovereign.

Beauty's crown though she do wear,
Exalted into Fortune's chair,
Thron'd like the queen of pleasure:
Her virtues still possess her ear,
And counsel her to measure.

Reason, if she incarnate were,
Ev'n Reason's self could never bear
Greatness with moderation;
In her one temper still is seen,
No liberty claims she as queen,
And shews no alteration.

HYMN XXVI.

To Envy.

ENVY, go weep; my Muſe and I
Laugh thee to ſcorn, thy feeble eye
Is dazzled with the glory
Shining in this gay poeſy,
And little golden ſtory.

Behold how my proud quill doth ſhed
Eternal nectar on her head:
The pomp of coronation
Hath not ſuch pow'r her fame to ſpread,
As this my admiration.

Reſpect my pen as free and frank
Expecting not reward nor thank,
Great wonder only moves it;
I never made it mercenary,
Nor ſhould my Muſe this burthen carry
As hir'd but that ſhe loves it.

ORCHESTRA;

OR, A

POEM

EXPRESSING

The Antiquity and Excellency of

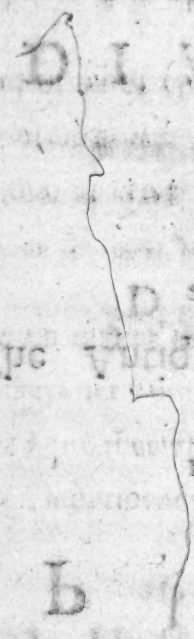
DANCING.

IN A

DIALOGUE

Between PENELOPE and one of her WOOERS.

NOT FINISHED.



DIALOGUE

DIVINE.

The Archbishop and Excellency of

POEM

OF A

CHRISTIAN?

TO

THE PRINCE.

SIR, whatſoever *you* are pleas'd to do,
It is your ſpecial praiſe, that you are bent,
And ſadly ſet your princely mind thereto:
Which makes *you* in each thing ſo excellent.

Hence is it, that *you* came ſo ſoon to be
A man at arms, in ev'ry point aright;
The faireſt flow'r of noble chivalry;
And of Saint *George*'s band, the braveſt knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train
In activeneſs, and grace, *you* do excel,
When you do courtly dancings entertain,
Then dancing's praiſe may be preſented well.

To *you*, whoſe action adds more praiſe thereto,
Than all the Muſes with their pens can do.

ORCHESTRA;

OR, A

POEM *on* DANCING.*

1.

WHERE lives the man that never yet did hear
Of chaſte *Penelope, Ulyſſes'* queen?
Who kept her faith unſpotted twenty year,
Till he return'd that far away had been,
And many men, and many towns had ſeen:
Ten year at ſiege of Troy he ling'ring lay,
And ten year in the Midland ſea did ſtray.

---

* Sir John Harrington has writ an epigram in commendation of this poem. See the 2d Book, Epig. 67, at the end of his Tranſlation of Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo, folio.

It is a great pity, and to be lamented by the poetical world, that ſo very ingenious a poem ſhould be left unfiniſhed, or what is more likely, that the imperfect part ſhould be loſt; for in all probability, he completed it, being written in his youth, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, as appears from the concluſion.

2.

Homer, to whom the muſes did carouſe
A great deep cup with heav'nly nectar fill'd,
The greateſt, deepeſt cup in *Jove*'s great houſe,
(For *Jove* himſelf had ſo expreſsly will'd)
He drank off all, nor let one drop be ſpill'd;
Since when, his brain that had before been dry,
Became the well-ſpring of all poetry.

3.

Homer doth tell in his abundant verſe,
The long laborious travels of the man,
And of his lady too he doth rehearſe,
How ſhe illudes with all the art ſhe can,
Th' ungrateful love which other lords began:
For of her lord, falſe fame had long ſince ſworn,
That *Neptune*'s monſters had his carcaſe torn.

4.

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,
One thing moſt worthy his eternal ſong,
But he was old, and blind, and ſaw it not,
Or elſe he thought he ſhould *Ulyſſes* wrong,
To mingle it his tragic acts among:
Yet was there not in all the world of things,
A ſweeter burthen for his muſes wings.

5. The

5.

The courtly love *Antinous* did make,
Antinous that freſh and jolly knight,
Which of the gallants that did undertake
To win the widow, had moſt wealth and might,
Wit to perſuade, and beauty to delight.
The courtly love he made unto the queen,
Homer forgot as if it had not been.

6.

Sing then *Terpſichore*, my light muſe ſing
His gentle art, and *cunning courteſy*:
You lady can remember ev'ry thing,
For you are daughter of queen memory;
But ſing a plain and eaſy melody:
For the ſoft mean that warbleth but the ground,
To my rude ear doth yield the ſweeteſt ſound.

7.

One only night's diſcourſe I can report,
When the great torch-bearer of heav'n was gone
Down in a maſk unto the Ocean's court,
To revel it with *Thetis* all alone;
Antinous diſguiſed and unknown,
Like to the ſpring in gaudy ornament,
Unto the caſtle of the princeſs went.

8.

The ſov'reign caſtle of the rocky iſle,
Wherein *Penelope* the princeſs lay,
Shone with a thouſand lamps, which did exile
The ſhadows dark, and turn'd the night to day,
Not *Jove*'s blue tent, what time the ſunny ray
Behind the bulwark of the earth retires,
Is ſeen to ſparkle with more twinkling fires.

9.

That night the Queen came forth from far within,
And in the preſence of her court was ſeen;
For the ſweet ſinger *Phæmius* did begin
To praiſe the worthies that at *Troy* had been;
Somewhat of her *Ulyſſes* ſhe did ween.
In his grave hymn the heav'nly man would ſing,
Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

10.

Pallas that hour with her ſweet breath divine
Inſpir'd immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celeſtial glory ſhe did ſhine,
Brighter than *Venus* when ſhe doth ariſe
Out of the waters to adorn the ſkies;
The wooers all amazed do admire,
And check their own preſumptuous deſire.

12.

Only *Antinous* when at firſt he view'd
Her ſtar-bright eyes that with new honour ſhin'd,
Was not diſmay'd, but therewithal renew'd
The nobleneſs and ſplendor of his mind;
And as he did fit circumſtances find,
Unto the throne he boldly did advance,
And with fair manners woo'd the Queen to dance.

13.

"Goddeſs of women, ſith your heav'nlineſs
"Hath now vouchſaf'd itſelf to repreſent
"To our dim eyes, which tho' they ſee the leſs,
"Yet are they bleſs'd in their aſtoniſhment,
"Imitate heaven whoſe beauty's excellent;
"Are in continual motion day and night,
"And move thereby more wonder and delight.

14.

"Let me the mover be, to turn about
"Thoſe glorious ornaments, that youth and love
"Have fix'd in you, ev'ry part throughout,
"Which if you will in timely meaſure move,
"Not all thoſe precious gems in heav'n above
"Shall yield a ſight more pleaſing to behold,
"With all their turns and tracings manifold."

14.

With this the modeſt princeſs bluſh'd and ſmil'd
Like to a clear and roſy eventide;
And ſoftly did return this anſwer mild:
" Fair Sir, you needs muſt fairly be deny'd,
" Where your demand cannot be ſatisfy'd:
" My feet which only nature taught to go,
" Did never yet the art of footing know.

15.

" But why perſuade you me to this new rage?
" (For all diſorder and miſrule is new)
" For ſuch miſgovernment in former age
" Our old divine forefathers never knew;
" Who if they liv'd, and did the follies view
" Which their fond nephews make their chief
" affairs,
" Would hate themſelves that had begot ſuch
" heirs."

16.

" Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,
" Whence cometh it (*Antinous* replies)
" That your imperious virtue is ſo loth
" To grant your beauty her chief exerciſe?
" Or from what ſpring doth your opinion riſe.

" That

" That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
" First known and us'd in this new fangled age?

17.

" *Dancing* * (Bright Lady) then began to be,
" When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
" The fire, air, earth and water did agree,
" By love's persuasion, nature's mighty king,
" To leave their first disorder'd combating;
" And in a dance such measure to observe,
" As all the world their motion should preserve.

18.

" Since when they still are carried in a round,
" And changing come one in another's place,
" Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
" But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded space
" Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
" This wond'rous miracle did love devise,
" For dancing is love's proper exercise.

---

* The antiquity of dancing.

" 19. Like

19.

" Like this, he fram'd the God's eternal bow'r,
" And of a ſhapeleſs and confuſed maſs,
" By his through piercing and digeſting pow'r,
" The turning vault of heaven formed was:
" Whoſe ſtarry wheels he hath ſo made to paſs,
" As that their movings do a muſic frame,
" And they themſelves ſtill dance unto the ſame.

20.

" Or if this (all) which round about we ſee,
" (As idle *Morpheus* ſome ſick brains have taught)
" Of undivided *motes* compacted be,
" How was this goodly architecture wrought?
" Or by what means were they together brought?
" They err, that ſay they did concur by chance,
" Love made them meet in a well order'd dance.

21.

" As when *Amphion* with his charming lyre
" Begot ſo ſweet a ſyren of the air,
" That with her rhetoric made the ſtones conſpire
" The ruin of a city to repair,
" (A work of wit and reaſon's wiſe affair:)
" So love's ſmooth tongue, the *motes* ſuch mea-
" ſure taught
" That they join'd hands, and ſo the world was
" wrought.

22. " How

22.

" How juſtly then is dancing termed new,
" Which with the world in point of time begun;
" Yea time itſelf, (whoſe birth *Jove* never knew,
" And which indeed is elder than the ſun)
" Had not one moment of his age outrun,
" When out leap'd dancing from the heap of
" things,
" And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

23.

" Reaſon hath both her pictures in her treaſure,
" Where *time the meaſure of all moving is*;
" And dancing is a moving all in meaſure;
" Now if you do reſemble that to this,
" And think both one, I think you think amiſs:
" But if you judge them twins, together got,
" And time firſt born, your judgment erreth not.

24.

" Thus doth it equal age with age enjoy,
" And yet in luſty youth for ever flow'rs,
" Like love his ſire, whom painters make a boy,
" Yet is he eldeſt of the heav'nly pow'rs;
" Or like his brother time, whoſe winged hours
" Going and coming will not let him die,
" But ſtill preſerve him in his infancy."

25. This

25.

This ſaid; the Queen with her ſweet lips, divine,
Gently began to move the ſubtle air,
Which gladly yielding, did itſelf incline
To take a ſhape between thoſe rubies fair;
And being formed, ſoftly did repair
With twenty doublings in the empty way,
Unto *Antinous*' ears, and thus did ſay:

26.

"What eye doth ſee the heav'n but doth admire
"When it the movings of the heav'ns doth ſee?
"Myſelf, if I to heav'n may once aſpire,
"If that be dancing, will a dancer be:
"But as for this your frantic jollity
"How it began, or whence you did it learn,
"I never could with reaſon's eye diſcern."

27.

Antinous anſwer'd: "Jewel of the earth,
"Worthy you are that heav'nly dance to lead;
"But for you think our dancing baſe of birth,
"And newly born but of a brain-ſick head,
"I will forthwith his antique gentry read;
"And for I love him, will his herald be,
"And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree.

28. "When

28.

" When Love had ſhap'd this world, *this great fair*
" *wight*,
" That all wights elſe in this wide womb contains
" And had inſtructed it to dance aright,*
" A thouſand meaſures with a thouſand ſtrains,
" Which it ſhould practiſe with delightful pains,
" Until that fatal inſtant ſhould revolve,
" When all to nothing ſhould again reſolve.

29.

" The comely order and proportion fair
" On ev'ry ſide, did pleaſe his wand'ring eye,
" Till glancing thro' the thin tranſparent air,
" A rude diſorder'd rout he did eſpy
" Of men and women, that moſt ſpightfully
" Did one another throng, and croud ſo ſore,
" That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.

30.

" And ſwifter than the light'ning down he came,
" Another ſhapeleſs chaos to digeſt,
" He will begin another world to frame,
" (For Love till all be well will never reſt)
" Then with ſuch words as cannot be expreſt,

* The original of dancing.

" He

" He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,
" And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring.

31.

" Then did he rarify the element,
" And in the centre of the ring appear,
" The beams that from his forehead spreading went,
" Begot an horror, and religious fear
" In all the souls that round about him were;
" Which in their ears attentiveness procures,
" While he, with such like sounds their minds
" allures.

32.

" How doth confusion's mother, headlong chance,*
" Put reason's noble squadron to the rout?
" Or how should you that have the governance
" Of nature's children, heav'n and earth throughout,
" Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves without?
" Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
" Since man's chief pleasure is society?

* The speech of Love, persuading men to learn dancing.

33." If

33.

" If ſenſe hath not yet taught you, learn of me
" A comely moderation and diſcreet,
" That your aſſemblies may well order'd be
" When my uniting pow'r ſhall make you meet,
" With heav'nly tunes it ſhall be temper'd ſweet:
" And be the model of the world's great frame,
" And you earth's children, *Dancing* ſhall it name.

34.

" Behold the *world* how it is *whirled round*,
" And for it is ſo *whirl'd*, is named ſo;
" In whoſe large volume many rules are found
" Of this new art, which it doth fairly ſhow:
" For your quick eyes in wand'ring to and fro
" From Eaſt to Weſt, on no one thing can glance,
" But if you mark it well, it ſeems to dance.

35.

" Firſt you ſee *fix'd* in this huge mirror blue
" Of trembling lights,* a number numberleſs,
" *Fix'd they are* nam'd, but with a name untrue,
" For they all move, and in a dance expreſs
" That *great long year* that doth contain no leſs

* By the orderly motion of the fixed ſtars.

" Than

" Than threeſcore hundreds of thoſe years in
" all,
" Which the ſun makes with his courſe natural.

36.

" What if to you theſe ſparks diſorder'd ſeem
" As if by chance they had been ſcatter'd there?
" The gods a ſolemn meaſure do it deem,
" And ſee a juſt proportion ev'ry where,
" And know the points whence firſt their movings
" were,
" To which firſt points when all return again,
" The axle-tree of heav'n ſhall break in twain.

37.

" Under that ſpangled ſky, five wand'ring flames,*
" Beſides the King of Day, and Queen of Night,
" Are wheel'd around, all in their ſundry frames,
" And all in fundry meaſures do delight,
" Yet altogether keep no meaſure right:
" For by itſelf, each doth itſelf advance,
" And by itſelf, each doth a galliard dance.

---

* Of the planets.

38. *Venus*

38.

Venus, the mother of that baſtard Love,
" Which doth uſurp the world's great marſhal's
" name,
" Juſt with the ſun her dainty feet doth move,
" And unto him doth all the geſtures frame:
" Now after, now afore, the flatt'ring dame,
" With divers cunning paſſages doth err,
" Still him reſpecting that reſpects not her.

39.

" For that brave ſun the father of the day,
" Doth love this earth, the mother of the night,
" And like a reveller in rich array
" Doth dance his galliard in his leman's ſight
" Both back, and forth, and ſideways paſſing light,
" His princely grace doth ſo the gods amaze,
" That all ſtand ſtill and at his beauty gaze.

40.

" But ſee the earth, when he approacheth near,
" How ſhe for joy doth ſpring, and ſweetly ſmile;
" But ſee again her ſad and heavy cheer
" When changing places he retires a while:
" But thoſe black clouds he ſhortly will exile,
" And make them all before his preſence fly,
" As miſts conſum'd before his chearful eye.

41.

" Who doth not ſee the meaſures of the moon,
" Which thirteen times ſhe danceth ev'ry year?
" And ends her pavin, thirteen times as ſoon
" As doth her brother, of whoſe golden hair
" She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear:
" Then doth ſhe coily turn her face aſide,
" That half her cheek is ſcarce ſometimes deſcry'd.

42.

" Next her, the pure, ſubtle, and cleanſing fire *
" Is ſwiftly carried in a circle even:
" Though *Vulcan* be pronounc'd by many a liar
" The only halting god that dwells in heav'n:
" But that foul name may be more fitly giv'n
" To your falſe fire, that far from heav'n is fall,
" And doth conſume, waſte, ſpoil, diſorder all.

43.

" And now behold your tender nurſe the *air*, †
" And common neighbour that *aye runs around*,
" How many pictures and impreſſions fair
" Within her empty regions are there found,
" Which to your ſenſes dancing do propound;

* Of the fire. † Of the air.

" For

" For what are *breath, ſpeech, echoes, muſic, winds,*
" But dancings of the air in ſundry kinds?

44.

" For when you breathe, the *air* in order moves,
" Now in, now out, in time and meaſure true;
" And when you ſpeak, ſo well ſhe dancing loves,
" That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
" With thouſand forms ſhe doth herſelf endue:
" For all the words that from your lips repair,
" Are naught but tricks and turnings of the air.

45.

" Hence is her prattling daughter *echo* born,
" That dances to all voices ſhe can hear:
" There is no ſound ſo harſh that ſhe doth ſcorn,
" Nor any time wherein ſhe will forbear
" The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
" And yet her hearing ſenſe is nothing quick,
" For after time ſhe endeth ev'ry trick.

46.

" And thou ſweet *muſic*, dancing's only life,
" The ear's ſole happineſs, the air's beſt ſpeech,
" Loadſtone of fellowſhip, charming rod of ſtrife,
" The ſoft mind's paradiſe, the ſick mind's leech,
" With thine own tongue thou trees and ſtones can
" teach,

" That when the air doth dance her fineſt mea-
" ſure,
" Then art thou born the gods and mens ſweet
" pleaſure.

47.

" Laſtly, where keep the *winds* their revelry,
" Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays?
" But in the air's tranſlucent gallery?
" Where ſhe herſelf is turn'd a hundred ways,
" While with thoſe maſkers wantonly ſhe plays;
" Yet in this miſrule, they ſuch rule embrace,
" As two at once encumber not the place.

48.

" If then fire, air, wand'ring and fix'd lights
" In ev'ry province of the imperial ſky,
" Yield perfect forms of dancing to your ſights,
" In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye
" With certain view already doth deſcry.
" But for your eyes perceive not all they ſee,
" In this I will your ſenſes maſter be.

49.

" For lo the *ſea** that fleets about the land,
" And like a girdle clips her ſolid waiſt,
" Muſic and meaſure both doth underſtand:
" For his great chryſtal eye is always caſt
" Up to the moon, and on her fixed faſt:
" And as ſhe danceth in her pallid ſphere,
" So danceth he about the centre here.

50.

" Sometimes his proud green waves in order ſet,
" One after other flow unto the ſhore,
" Which when they have with many kiſſes wet,
" They ebb away in order as before;
" And to make known his courtly love the more,
" He oft doth lay aſide his three-fork'd mace,
" And with his arms the tim'rous earth embrace.

51.

" Only the earth doth ſtand for ever ſtill,
" Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,
" (Although ſome wits enrich'd with learning's ſkill
" Say heav'n ſtands firm, and that the earth doth fleet,
" And ſwiftly turneth underneath their feet)

* Of the ſea.

" Yet though the earth is ever ſtedfaſt ſeen,
" On her broad breaſt hath dancing ever been.

52.

" For thoſe blue veins that through her body ſpread,
" Thoſe ſapphire ſtreams which from great hills do
" ſpring, *
" (The earth's great dugs; for ev'ry wight is fed
" With ſweet freſh moiſture from them iſſuing)
" Obſerve a dance in their wild wand'ring:
" And ſtill their dance begets a murmur ſweet,
" And ſtill the murmur with the dance doth
" meet.

53.

" Of all their ways I love meander's path,
" Which to the tune of dying ſwans doth dance,
" Such winding ſlights, ſuch turns and cricks he hath,
" Such creaks, ſuch wrenches and ſuch dalliance;
" That whether it be hap or heedleſs chance,
" In this indented courſe and wriggling play
" He ſeems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

---

* Of the rivers.

54. " But

54.

" But wherefore do theſe ſtreams for ever run?
" To keep themſelves for ever ſweet and clear:
" For let their everlaſting courſe be done,
" They ſtraight corrupt and foul with mud appear.
" O ye ſweet nymphs that beauty's loſs do fear,
" Contemn the drugs that phyſic doth deviſe,
" And learn of love this dainty exerciſe.

55.

" See how thoſe flow'rs that have ſweet beauty too,
" (The only jewels that the earth doth wear,*
" When the young ſun in bravery her doth woo)
" As oft as they the whiſtling wind do hear,
" Do wave their tender bodies here and there;
" And tho' their dance no perfect meaſure is,
" Yet oftentimes their muſic makes them kiſs.

56.

" What makes the vine about the elm to dance,
" With turnings, windings, and embracements
" round?
" What makes the loadſtone to the north advance
" His ſubtle point, as if from thence he found
" His chief attracting virtue to redound?

* Of other things upon the earth.

" Kind nature firſt doth cauſe all things to love,
" Love makes them dance and in juſt order move.

57.

" Hark how the birds do ſing, and mark then how
" Jump with the modulation of their lays,
" They lightly leap, and ſkip from bough to bough:
" Yet do the cranes deſerve a greater praiſe
" Which keep ſuch meaſure in their airy ways,
" As when they all in order ranked are,
" They make a perfect form triangular.

58.

" In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,
" And all the followers their heads do lay
" On their foregoers backs, on either ſide;
" But for the captain hath no reſt to ſtay
" His head forwearied with the windy way,
" He back retires, and then the next behind,
" As his lieutenant leads them thro' the wind.

59.

" But why relate I ev'ry ſingular?
" Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs
" Forward and backward rapp'd and whirled are,
" According to the muſic of the ſpheres:
" And change herſelf, her nimble feet upbears

" On

" On a round ſlippery wheel that rolleth ay,
" And turns all ſtates with her imperious ſway.

60.

" Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
" And lawful lords of earthly creatures all;
" Imitate them, and therefore take no ſcorn,
" For this new art to them is natural
" And imitate the ſtars celeſtial:
" For when pale death your vital twiſt ſhall ſever,
" Your better parts muſt dance with them for
" ever.

61.

" Thus Love perſuades, and all the crowd of men
" That ſtands around doth make a murmuring:
" As when the wind loos'd from his hollow den,
" Among the trees a gentle baſe doth ſing,
" Or as a brook through pebbles wandering:
" But in their looks they utter'd this plain ſpeech,
" That they would learn to dance, if Love would
" teach.*

---

* How Love taught men to dance.

" Then

62.

" Then firſt of all he doth demonſtrate plain
" The motions ſeven that are in nature found,
" *Upward* and *downward*, *forth*, *and back again*,
" *To this ſide*, and *to that*, and *turning round*; *
" Whereof a thouſand brawls he doth compound,
" Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
" And ever with a turn they muſt conclude.

63.

" As when a nymph ariſing from the land,
" Leadeth a dance with her long watery train
" Down to the ſea, ſhe wryes to every hand,
" And every way doth croſs the fertile plain:
" But when at laſt ſhe falls into the main,
" Then all her traverſes concluded are,
" And with the ſea, her courſe is circular.

64.

" Thus when at firſt Love had them marſhalled,
" As erſt he did the ſhapeleſs maſs of things,
" He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread,
" And about trees to caſt themſelves in rings:
" As the two Bears, whom the firſt mover flings

* Rounds or Country Dances.

" With

" With a ſhort turn about heaven's axle-tree,
" In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

65.

" But after theſe, as men more civil grew,
" He did more grave and ſolemn meaſures frame,*
" With ſuch fair order and proportion true,
" And correſpondence ev'ry way the ſame,
" That no fault-finding eye did ever blame.
" For ev'ry eye was moved at the ſight
" With ſober wond'ring, and with ſweet delight.

66.

" Not thoſe young ſtudents of the heav'nly book,
" *Atlas* the great, *Prometheus* the wiſe,
" Which on the ſtars did all their life-time look,
" Could ever find ſuch meaſure in the ſkies,
" So full of change and rare varieties;
" Yet all the feet whereon theſe meaſures go,
" Are only ſpondees, ſolemn, grave and ſlow.

* Meaſures.

67. " But

67.

" But for more diverſe and more pleaſing ſhow,
" A ſwift and wand'ring dance * ſhe did invent,
" With paſſages uncertain to and fro,
" Yet with a certain anſwer and conſent
" To the quick muſic of the inſtrument.
" Five was the number of the muſic's feet,
" Which ſtill the dance did with five paces meet.

68.

" A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
" A ſpirit and a virtue maſculine,
" Impatient that her houſe on earth ſhould ſtay
" Since ſhe herſelf is fiery and divine:
" Oft doth ſhe make her body upward fine;
" With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
" Which with the luſty tunes accordeth fair.

69.

" What ſhall I name thoſe current traverſes, †
" That on a triple dactyl foot do run
" Cloſe by the ground with ſliding paſſages,
" Wherein that dancer greateſt praiſe hath won
" Which with beſt order can all orders ſhun:

---

* Galliards. † Courantoes.

" For

" For ev'ry where he wantonly muſt range,
" And turn, and wind, with unexpected change.

70.

" Yet is there one the moſt delightful kind,
" A lofty jumping, or a leaping round, *
" Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
" And whirl themſelves with ſtrict embracements
" bound,
" And ſtill their feet an *anapeſt* do ſound:
" An *anapeſt* is all their muſic's ſong,
" Whoſe firſt two feet are ſhort, and third is long.

71.

" As the victorious twins of *Leda* and *Jove*
" That taught the *Spartans* dancing on the ſands,
" Of ſwift *Eurotas*, dance in heav'n above,
" Knit and united with eternal hands;
" Among the ſtars their double image ſtands,
" Where both are carried with an equal pace,
" Together jumping in their turning race.

* Lavoltaes.

72. " This

72.

" This is the net wherein the ſun's bright eye
" *Venus* and *Mars* entangled did behold,
" For in this dance, their arms they ſo employ,
" As each doth ſeem the other to enfold:
" What if lewd wits another tale have told
" Of jealous *Vulcan*, and of iron chains?
" Yet this true ſenſe that forged lie contains.

73.

" Theſe various forms of dancing, Love did frame,
" And beſide theſe, a hundred millions more,
" And as he did invent, he taught the ſame,
" With goodly geſture, and with comely ſhow,
" Now keeping ſtate, now humbly honouring low:
" And ever for the perſons and the place
" He taught moſt fit, and beſt accordin g grace*

74.

" For Love, within his fertile working brain
" Did then conceive thoſe gracious virgins three,
" Whoſe civil moderation does maintain
" All decent order and conveniency,
" And fair reſpect, and ſeemly modeſty:

* Grace in dancing.

" And

" And then he thought it fit they ſhould be
" born,
" That their ſweet preſence dancing might
" adorn.

75.

" Hence is it that theſe Graces painted are
" With hand in hand dancing an endleſs round:
" And with regarding eyes, that ſtill beware
" That there be no diſgrace amongſt them found;
" With equal foot they beat the flow'ry ground,
" Laughing, or ſinging, as their paſſions will,
" Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill.

76.

" Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of
" Love
" Sweet muſic's ſound with feet to counterfeit,
" Which was long time before high thund'ring
" *Jove*
" Was lifted up to heaven's imperial ſeat:
" For though by birth he were the prince of
" *Crete*,
" Nor *Crete*, nor heav'n, ſhould the young
" prince have ſeen
" If dancers with their timbrels had not been.

33. " Since

77.

" Since when all ceremonious myſteries,
" All ſacred orgies and religious rights,
" All pomps, and triumphs, and ſolemnities,
" All funerals, nuptials, and like public ſights,
" All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
" All learned arts, and every great affair
" A lively ſhape of dancing ſeems to bear. *

78.

" For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lute
" Gave beaſts and blocks an underſtanding ear?
" Or rather into beſtial minds and brute
" Shed and infus'd the beams of reaſon clear?
" Doubtleſs for men that rude and ſavage were
" A civil form of dancing he devis'd,
" Wherewith unto their gods they ſacrific'd.

79.

" So did *Muſæus*, ſo *Amphion* did,
" And *Linus* with his ſweet enchanting ſong,
" And he whoſe hand the earth of monſters rid,
" And had men's ears faſt chained to his tongue;
" And *Theſeus* to his wood-born ſlaves among,

* The uſe and forms of dancing in ſundry affairs of man's life.

" Us'd

" Us'd dancing as the fineſt policy
" To plant religion and ſociety.

80.

" And therefore now the Thracian *Orpheus'* lyre
" And *Hercules* himſelf are ſtellify'd;
" And in high heaven amidſt the ſtarry quire
" Dancing their parts continually do ſlide:
" So on the zodiac *Ganymede* doth ride,
" And ſo is *Hebe* with the muſes nine
" For pleaſing *Jove* with dancing, made divine.

81.

" Wherefore was *Proteus* ſaid himſelf to change
" Into a ſtream, a lion, and a tree,
" And many other forms fantaſtic ſtrange,
" As in his fickle thought he wiſh'd to be?
" But that he danc'd with ſuch facility,
" As like a lion he could pace with pride,
" Ply like a plant, and like a river ſlide.

82.

" And how was *Cæneus* made at firſt a man,
" And then a woman, then a man again
" But in a dance? which when he firſt began
" He the man's part in meaſure did ſuſtain:
" But when he chang'd into a ſecond ſtrain,

" He danc'd the woman's part another ſpace,
" And then return'd into his former place.

83.

" Hence ſprang the fable of *Tireſias*,
" That he the pleaſure of both ſexes try'd:
" For in a dance he man and woman was
" By often change of place from ſide to ſide;
" But for the woman eaſily did ſlide,
" And ſmoothly ſwim with cunning hidden art,
" He took more pleaſure in a woman's part.

84.

" So to a fiſh *Venus* herſelf did change,
" And ſwimming thro' the ſoft and yielding wave,
" With gentle motions did ſo ſmoothly range
" As none might ſee where ſhe the water drave:
" But this plain truth that falſed fable gave,
" That ſhe did dance with ſliding eaſineſs,
" Pliant and quick in wand'ring paſſages.

85.

" And merry *Bacchus* practis'd dancing too,
" And to the Lydian numbers roumds did make:
" The like he did in th' Eaſtern India do,
" And taught them all when *Phœbus* did awake,
" And when at night he did his coach forſake,

" To

" To honour heav'n, and heav'ns great rolling eye
" With turning dances, and with melody.

86.

" Thus they who firſt did found a common-weal,
" And they who firſt religion did ordain,
" By dancing firſt the people's hearts did ſteal,
" Of whom we now a thouſand tales do feign:
" Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
" And uſe them ſtill in ſuch deviſes new,
" As in the world long ſince their withering grew.

87.

" For after towns and kingdoms founded were,
" Between great ſtates aroſe well-ordered *war*;
" Wherein moſt perfect meaſure doth appear,
" Whether their well-ſet ranks reſpected are
" In quadrant form or ſemicircular:
" Or elſe the march, when all the troops advance,
" And to the drum in gallant order dance.

88.

" And after wars, when white-wing'd victory
" Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,
" And ev'ry one doth *Io Io* cry,
" Whilſt all in gold the conquerer doth ride;
" The ſolemn pomp that fills the city wide

" Obſerves ſuch rank and meaſure every where,
" As if they altogether dancing were.

89.

" The like juſt order mourners do obſerve,
(" But with unlike affection and attire)
" When ſome great man that nobly did deſerve,
" And whom his friends impatiently deſire,
" Is brought with honour to his latest fire:
" The dead corpſe too in that ſad dance is mov'd,
" As if both dead and living dancing lov'd.

90.

" A diverſe cauſe, but like ſolemnity
" Unto the temple leads the bashful bride,
" Which blusheth like the Indian ivory
" Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy'd:
" A golden troop doth paſs on ev'ry ſide
" Of flouriſhing young men and virgins gay,
" Which keep fair meaſure all the flow'ry way.

91.

" And not alone the general multitude,
" But thoſe choice *Neſtors* which in council grave
" Of cities, and of kingdoms do conclude,
" Moſt comely order in their ſeſſions have:
" Wherefore the wiſe Theſſalians ever gave

" The

" The name of leader of their countries dance
" To him that had their countries governance.

92.

" And those great masters of their liberal arts
" In all their several schools do dancing teach,
" For humble grammar first doth set the parts
" Of congruent and well according speech:
" Which rhetoric whose state the clouds doth reach,
" And heavenly poetry do forward lead,
" And divers measure diversly do tread.

93.

" For rhetoric clothing speech in rich array
" In looser numbers teacheth her to range,
" With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry way,
" And various figures, and licentious change;
" But poetry with rule and order strange
" So curiously doth move each single pace,
" As all is mar'd if the one foot misplace.

94.

" These arts of speech the guides and marshals are;
" But logic leadeth reason in a dance,
" Reason the connoisseur and bright load-star,
" In this world's sea t' avoid the rock of chance,
" For with close following and continuance

" One reaſon doth another ſo enſue,
" As in concluſion ſtill the dance is true.

25.

" So muſic to her own ſweet tunes doth trip
" With tricks of 3, 5, 8, 15, and more;
" So doth the art of numb'ring ſeem to ſkip
" From even to odd in her proportion'd ſcore;
" So do thoſe ſkills, whoſe quick eyes do explore
" The juſt dimenſion both of earth and heaven,
" In all their rules obſerve a meaſure even.

26.

" Lo this is dancing's true nobility;
" Dancing the child of muſic and of love;
" Dancing itſelf both love and harmony,
" Where all agree, and all in order move;
" Dancing the art that all arts do approve;
" The fair character of the world's conſent,
" The heav'ns true figure, and th' earth's orna-
" ment."

27.

The queen, whoſe dainty ears had borne too long
The tedious praiſe of that ſhe did deſpiſe,
Adding once more the muſic of the tongue
To the ſweet ſpeech of her alluring eyes,
Began to anſwer in ſuch winning wiſe,

As that forthwith *Antinous'* tongue was ty'd,
His eyes fast fix'd, his ears were open wide."

98.

" Forsooth (quoth she) great glory you have won,
" To your trim minion dancing all this while,
" By blazing him Love's first begotten son;
" Of ev'ry ill the hateful father vile
" That doth the world with sorceries beguile:
" Cunningly mad, religiously prophane,
" Wit's monster, reason's canker, sense's bane.

99.

" Love taught the mother that unkind desire
" To wash her hands in her own infant's blood;
" Love taught the daughter to betray her sire
" Into most base and worthy servitude;
" Love taught the brother to prepare such food
" To feast his brother, that the all-seeing sun
" Wrapt in a cloud, that wicked sight did shun.

100.

" And ev'n this self same Love hath dancing taught,
" An art that sheweth th' *idea* of his mind
" With vainness, frenzy, and misorder fraught;
" Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind:
" For in a dance, *Tereus* mad wife did find

" Fit time and place by murder of her ſon,
" T' avenge the wrong his traiterous ſire had
" done.

101.

" What mean the mermaids when they dance and ſing
" But certain death unto the mariner?
" What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,
" But that ſome dangerous ſtorm approacheth near?
" Then ſith both love and dancing liveries bear
" Of ſuch ill hap, unhappy may I prove,
" If ſitting free I either dance or love."

102.

Yet once again *Autinous* did reply:
" Great Queen, condemn not Love * the innocent,
" For this miſchevious luſt, which traiterouſly
" Uſurps his name, and ſteals his ornament:
" For that true love which dancing did invent,
" Is he that tun'd the world's whole harmony,
" And link'd all men in ſweet ſociety.

* True Love inventor of dancing.

103. " He

103.

" He first extracted from th' earth-mingled mind
" That heav'nly fire, or quinteſſence divine,
" Which doth ſuch ſympathy in beauty find,
" As is between the elm and fruitful vine,
" And ſo to beauty ever doth incline:
" Life's life it is, and cordial to the heart,
" And of our better part, the better part.

104.

" This *is true Love*, by that true *Cupid* got,
" Which danceth galliards in your am'rous eyes,
" But to your frozen heart approacheth not,
" Only your heart he dares not enterprize;
" And yet thro' every other part he flies,
" And every where he nimbly danceth now,
" That in yourſelf, yourſelf perceive not how.

105.

" For your ſweet beauty daintily transfus'd
" With due proportion throughout ev'ry part,
" What is it but a dance where Love hath us'd
" His finer cunning, and more curious art;
" Where all the elements themſelves impart,
" And turn, and wind, and mingle with ſuch
" meaſure,
" That th' eye that ſees it, ſurfeits with the
" pleaſure?

" Love

106.

" Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
" Love danceth in your pulſes and your veins,
" Love when you ſow, your needles point advanceth,
" And makes it dance a thouſand curious ſtrains
" Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains:
" To ſhew, that your fair hands can dance the
" hay,
" Which your fine feet would learn as well as
" they.

107.

" And when your ivory fingers touch the ſtrings
" Of any ſilver-ſounding inſtrument,
" Love makes them dance to thoſe ſweet murmur-
" ings,
" With buſy ſkill, and cunning excellent:
" O that your feet thoſe tunes would repreſent
" With artificial motions to and fro,
" That Love this art in ev'ry part might ſhow!

108.

" Yet your fair ſoul, which came from heav'n above
" To rule this houſe, another heav'n below,
" With divers powers in harmony doth move,
" And all the virtues that from her do flow,
" In a round meaſure hand in hand do go:
" Could I now ſee, as I conceive this dance,
" Wonder and love would caſt me in a trance.

109. " The

109.

" The richeſt jewel in all the heav'nly treaſure
" That ever yet unto the earth was ſhown,
" Is perfect concord, the only perfect pleaſure
" That wretched earth-born men have ever known.
" For many hearts it doth compound in one:
" That what ſo one doth will, or ſpeak, or do,
" With one conſent they all agree thereto.

110.

" Concord's true picture ſhineth in this art,
" Where divers men and women ranked be,
" And every one doth dance a ſeveral part,
" Yet all as one, in meaſure do agree,
" Obſerving perfect uniformity:
" All turn together, all together trace,
" And all together honour and embrace.

111.

" If they whom ſacred love hath link'd in one,
" Do, as they dance, in all their courſe of life;
" Never ſhall burning grief nor bitter moan,
" Nor factious difference, nor unkind ſtrife,
" Ariſe betwixt the huſband and the wife.
" For whether forth or back, or round he go,
" As the man doth, ſo muſt the woman do.

112.

" What if by often interchange of place
" Sometime the woman gets the upper hand?
" That is but done for more delightful grace,
" For on that part she doth not ever ſtand;
" But, as the meaſure's law doth her command,
" She wheels about, and ere the dance doth end,
" Into her former place she doth tranſcend.

113.

" But not alone this correſpondence meet
" And uniform conſent doth dancing praiſe,
" For comelineſs the child of order ſweet
" Enamels it with her eye-pleaſing rays:
" Fair comelineſs, ten hundred thouſand ways,
" Thro' dancing ſheds itſelf, and makes it ſhine,
" With glorious beauty, and with grace divine.

114.

" For comelineſs is a diſpoſing fair
" Of things and actions in fit time and place;
" Which doth in dancing ſhew itſelf moſt clear,
" When troops confus'd, which here and there do
" trace,
" Without diſtinguiſhment or bounded ſpace,
" By dancing rule into ſuch ranks are brought,
" As glads the eye, as raviſheth the thought.

115. " Then

115.

" Then why should reason judge that reason lies
" Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,
" Image of concord and of comeliness.
" Who sees a clock moving in every part,
" A sailing pinnace, or a wheeling cart,
" But thinks that reason, ere it came to pass,
" The first impulsive cause and mover was?

116.

" Who sees an army all in rank advance,
" But deems a wise commander is in place
" Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance?
" Much more in dancing's art, in dancing's grace
" Blindness itself may reason's footsteps trace:
" *For of Love's maze it is the curious plot*
" *And of mans fellowship the true-love knot.*

117.

" But if these eyes of yours, (load-stars of love
" Shewing the world's great dance to your minds
" eye)
" Cannot with all their demonstrations move
" Kind apprehension in your fantasy
" Of dancing's virtue, and nobility:
" How can my barbarous tongue win you thereto,
" Which heav'n and earth's fair speech could
" never do?

118. " O Love

118.

" O Love my king; if all my wit and power
" Have done you all the ſervice that they can,
" O be you preſent in this preſent hour,
" And help your ſervant and your true liege-man,
" End that perſuaſion which I erſt began:
" For who in praiſe of dancing can perſuade
" With ſuch ſweet force as Love, which dancing
" made?"

119.

Love heard his pray'r, and ſwifter than the wind
Like to a page, in habit, face, and ſpeech,
He came, and ſtood *Antinous* behind,*
And many ſecrets to his thoughts did teach:
At laſt a chryſtal mirror he did reach
Unto his hands, that he with one raſh view,
All forms therein by Love's revealing knew.

120.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the queen
With this fair ſpeech: " See faireſt queen (quoth he)
" The faireſt ſight that ever ſhall be ſeen,
" And th' only wonder of poſterity,
" The richeſt work in nature's treaſury;

* A paſſage to the deſcription of dancing in that age.

" Which

" Which ſhe diſdains to ſhew on this world's ſtage,
" And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

121.

" But in another world divided far,
" In the great, fortunate triangled iſle,
" Thrice twelve degrees remov'd from the north ſtar,
" She will this glorious workmanſhip compile,
" Which ſhe hath been conceiving all this while
" Since the world's birth, and will bring forth
" at laſt,
" When ſix and twenty hundred years are paſt."

122.

Penelope, the queen, when ſhe had view'd
The ſtrange eye-dazzling admirable ſight,
Fain would have prais'd the ſtate and pulchritude,
But ſhe was ſtricken dumb with wonder quite,
Yet her ſweet mind retain'd her thinking might:
Her raviſh'd mind in heav'nly thoughts did dwell,
But what ſhe thought, no mortal tongue can tell.

123.

You lady muſe, whom *Jove* the counſellor
Begot of memory, wiſdom's treaſureſs,
To your divining tongue is given a power
Of uttering ſecrets large and limitleſs:
You can *Penelope*'s ſtrange thoughts expreſs

Which

Which ſhe conceiv'd, and then would fain have told,
When ſhe the wond'rous chryſtal did behold.

124.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind ſo high,
As that ſhe ween'd ſhe ſaw the glorious throne
Where the bright moon doth ſit in majeſty,
A thouſand ſparkling ſtars about her ſhone;
But ſhe herſelf did ſparkle more alone
Than all thoſe thouſand beauties would have done
If they had been confounded all in one.

125.

And yet ſhe thought thoſe ſtars mov'd in ſuch meaſure,
To do their ſovereign honour and delight,
As ſooth'd her mind with ſweet enchanting pleaſure,
Although the various change amaz'd her ſight,
And her weak judgment did entangle quite:
Beſide, their moving made them ſhine more clear,
As diamonds mov'd, more ſparkling do appear.

126.

This was the picture of her wondrous thought;
But who can wonder that her thought was ſo,
Sith *Vulcan* king of fire that mirrour wrought,
(Who things to come, preſent, and paſt, doth know)
And there did repreſent in lively ſhow

Our

Our glorious Engliſh court's divine image,
As it ſhould be in this our golden age?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
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Here are wanting ſome Stanzas deſcribing
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Then follow theſe:

127.

Her brighter dazzling beams of majeſty
Were laid aſide, for ſhe vouchſaf'd awhile
With gracious, chearful, and familiar eye
Upon the revels of her court to ſmile;
For ſo time's journies ſhe doth oft beguile:
Like ſight no mortal eye might elſewhere ſee
So full of ſtate, art, and variety.

128.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair,
(Who had they been elſewhere moſt fair had been)
Many an incomparable lovely pair,
With hand in hand were interlinked ſeen,
Making fair honour to their ſovereign queen;
Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
To a moſt ſweet and ſolemn melody.

129.

So ſubtile and ſo curious was the meaſure,
With unlook'd for change in ev'ry ſtrain;
As that *Penelope* wrapt with ſweet pleaſure,
When ſhe beheld the true proportion plain
Of her own web, weav'd and unweav'd again;
But that her art was ſomewhat leſs ſhe thought,
And on a meer ignoble ſubject wrought.

130.

For here, like to the ſilkworm's induſtry,
Beauty itſelf out of itſelf did weave
So rare a work, and of ſuch ſubtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive,
And in all minds a ſtrange impreſſion leave:
In this ſweet labyrinth did *Cupid* ſtray,
And never had the power to paſs away.

131.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,
In honour of the chearful riſing ſun,
With pearl and painted plumes themſelves adorning,
A ſolemn ſtately meaſure have begun;
The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour done,
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiſs
With that immortal glorious face of his.

132.

So &c. &c. * * * *

FINIS.

ERRATA.

In the Note Page i of the Introduction, inſtead of the Letters *W. B.* at the End of it, read *W. T.* In the Poem on the Immortality of the Soul Page 101, iſtead of SECT. XXXVI. read SECT. XXXIV. In the Note facing the Hymns of Aſtrea Page 107, inſtead of *Two-lines* read *Fooleries.*

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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